P.W. PEARSON'S P.W.
£100 COUPON.
No. 33. Aug. 7, 1897.
P.W. Newsagents. P.W.

BANK HOLIDAY NUMBER.

P.W. PEARSON'S P.W.
£100 COUPON.
Aug. 7, 1897.
P.W. No. 33. P.W.

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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THE CELEBRATED
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Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

No. 368.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7, 1897. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OLD

Good Tobacco
Good Workmanship
Hard to Equal

GOLD

3D. Cigarettes

PER BOX OF 10

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT IT IS GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

YOU ARE BUYING UNLESS YOU INSIST ON GETTING IT

IN THEIR 1, 2, OR 4 OZ. DECORATED TINS,

SECURED BY PATENT BAND.

ALL SUFFERERS

FROM

INDIGESTION, WIND ON THE STOMACH, LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, SPASMS, ETC.,

SHOULD TAKE

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

170,000 Boxes Sold Annually.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS being purely Vegetable, Tasteless, and Mild and Tonic in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS.

CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song, and the merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY"

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon Price only	8/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon "	10/6
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon "	14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon "	16/6

Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the Finest Instruments it at have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."

All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's 1897 Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments. Thousands of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send Penny Stamp to

CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. Established 60 years.

THE EVERY-DAY WATCH, 15/-.

SILVER CASES, stamped, 6 jewels, strong, well-tested, timed & warranted. Best Watch of the day. Gent's size, or Lady's (engraved cases), 15/- post free. The Knock-about Watch, 7/-. Very good. Black Steel Keyless Watches, 9/6 and 11/6. Lady's, 10/6.

WE ARE NOT SHOPKEEPERS.

Send to our Wholesale Warehouse for Catalogue (free) 2,000 engravings of Reliable Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Clocks, Alarms, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Silver Table Wear, Opera-Glasses, Desks, Dressing Cases, Writing Cases, Travelling Bags, Overmantels, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, &c., &c.

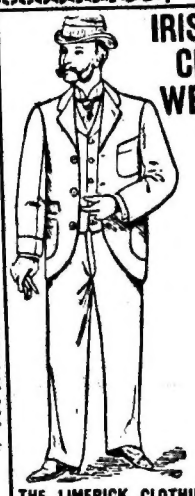
MONEY RETURNED IF GOODS NOT APPROVED.

A Month's Trial allowed with Watches.

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., 123 & 125, BRISTOL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

WATCH CLUB AGENTS SHOULD APPLY.

IRISH TWEED CLOTHING WEARS BEST



Samples and Measure Forms on application. Send post card to-day!

BUSINESS SUITS 17/6 and upwards.

LOUNGE SUITS 24/6 and upwards.

All goods carriage paid.

Fit Guaranteed or Money Returned

GOLD MEDAL, BELFAST, 1895.

THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY LTD., LIMERICK.

Bankers: THE BANK OF IRELAND.

Good! it's Mason's

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The most palatable, thirst-quenching, refreshing, invigorating, tonic drink producible.

For every OPEN AIR WORKER and all employed in Shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.

IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.

One 6d. bottle makes 8 gallons. Of all Chemists and Stores.

Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps, two for 15 Stamps.

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

The GLOBE TYPEWRITER

MODEL '97. **£2 10s.**

Patent No. 20242.

New simplified construction, of great durability, clear beautiful writing, visible in sight, equal to any 20-guinea machine. Uses good letter-ing, 77 characters in all. Writes capitals. Price complete with Mahogany Base and Cover—

£2 10s.

Write for particulars to the GLOBE TYPEWRITER LIMITED. HEAD OFFICE: 28, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

La Fleur des Bonbons.

MAZ-I-VONA.

A Sweetmeat (la Fraise) of exceptional quality.

The rare fruit flavour is the result of the combination of ingredients of which it is composed.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 1d. AND 3d. PACKETS.

ASK FOR 'MOONSHINE'

Self-Polishing BLACKING.

'MOONSHINE' WATERPROOF CREAM BLACKING.

'MOONSHINE' WATERPROOF LEATHER CREAMS, WHITE & TAN.

'MOONSHINE' FURNITURE CREAM. NO SMEARS.

Of all leading Stores, &c. Wholesale only: **MOONSHINE Ltd., CARLISLE.**

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **Ozerine** fits cease. It is the only cure for Epilepsy. It has cured thousands when everything else failed. **4/6, 11/-** post free; guarantee given with 11/- bottle. Money returned if **Ozerine** fails. Free samples

Mr. NICHOLL, Phar. Chem., 28, High Street, BELFAST.

7/6 THE "WAVERLEY" SALOON GUN WITH 100 BALL CARTRIDGES. 7/6

THE "WAVERLEY."

100 Birds or Rabbits can be killed with this gun at a cost of 1/-. Will penetrate a one-inch deal board at 75 to 100 yards, each gun bears the legal proof mark. Price lists free. W. R. JACKSON, Arms Manufacturer, 8, Park Avenue Rd., Tottenham, Middlesex. Mention P. W.

SPECIAL VALUE FOR ONE WEEK.

19/9

Solid 18ct. Gold ENCAGEMENT or DRESS RING, *Hall-Marked.* SET WITH 3 FINE REAL DIAMONDS.

Warranted. Only 19/9, Post Free. Send Cheque or P.O., Crossed, and Payable to **F. A. CHANDLER,** Royal Leamington Spa. Cut hole in card for size. Money returned if not approved.

HOW TO PATENT AN INVENTION.

Book giving full particulars as to Cost, Forms, &c. Post Free. **CASSELL & CO. (Patent Agents), 22, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London.** Inventors assisted. Consultation and Advice Free.

The Sweets Par Excellence.

DEVONA.

Fresh Cream

CHOCOLATE DEVONA.

This is Ch... Sold Everywhere. 1/- 2/- 3/- Tin.

TO SMOKERS!

Make your own Cigarette, Sir: it is twice as good.

Cigarette Paper **A.G.** Best Purest

LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY

PARKER'S FAMOUS 2/6 EACH LADIES OR GENTS SILK UMBRELLAS

Direct from the Manufacturer.—Ladies' or Gents' Plain or Twill Silk. PARKER'S hollow-ribbed frames. Beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Parcel Post free 2/9, or 26 stamps. Every variety from 2/6 to £5 each. List and Testimonials free. Re-covering any Umbrella 2/6 each. Plain or Twill Silk. Ladies' or Gents' returned next post.

J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

THE CELEBRATED 'MAB' RAZOR

supertority over all ... The "MAB" ... have half-hollow ... The case with ... to shave on half ... tured of the ... plain or half ... Black ... Street and ... PRICES—Black ... 36 ... Case Black ... 9/6 ... "MAB" CO., 73, ... Street, Birmingham. The "Mab" ... pneumatic ... Avoid spurious ... Mab.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

And 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

	Bordered. per doz	Hem stitched. per doz
Children's	1/3	2/
Ladies',	2/3	Ladies', 2/
Gents',	3/3	Gents', 3/11

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world wide fame." *The Queen.*

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

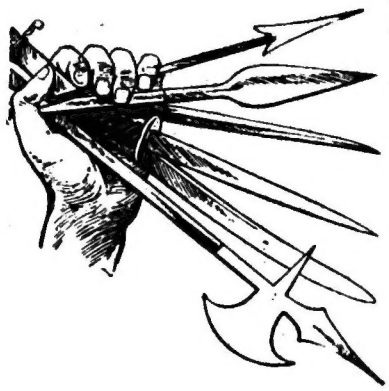
Collars, Ladies', from 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

A Few "Points" touching Homocea Soap



It lathers freely in the hardest water.

It suits the most tender skin.

Irritation of the skin ceases to be.

It is simply perfect as a shaving soap.

It softens and beautifies the skin.

It is thoroughly antiseptic.

Homocea Soap:

Family Trial ... Tablet, 9d.; 10% Homocea Soap, 1s. The latter is ... ed to contain 10% ... both it and the ... most delicate ... those requiring ... soap, the 10% ... is recommended ... ary skin tro... where this spe... used.

Of all dealers ... from the London Depot, ... STRAND, W.C.

Free by Post ... HOMOCEA WORKS, BIRKENHEAD.

"ROYAL AJAX" CYCLES.

1897 Price Lists Free. Immense Stock, from £4. Wonderful bargains. Carriage Paid. Large discounts; easy payments, from 10/- monthly. Speciality Lady's Pneumatic Safety, £9 15s.; Gent's Pneumatic Safety, £9 17s. 6d., extraordinary value. THE BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO., 45, Everton Road, LIVERPOOL.

SPECIAL VALUE IN MANDOLINES.

12/-, 16/-, &c. BANJOS, 12/6, 15/-, 18/6, &c. VIOLINS, in case, and bow, 15/-, 18/6, &c. ACCORDIONS, 5/6, 11/9, 15/-, &c. AUTOHARPS, 5/6, 12/6, 15/-, &c. Easy Self Instructor included. Carriage paid. All other Instruments at equally low prices. Descriptive Price List Free.

DOUGLAS & CO. (P. Dept.), 7, South Street, London, E.C. (close to Moorgate St. Station.)

KAPUTINE

THE SAFE REMEDY FOR

HEADACHE.

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 15 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample.

KAPUTINE Ltd., HUDDERSFIELD.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Five Gold Medals. *The best that money can buy.*

All Communications concerning Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Dear . . . , Do not on any account miss the opening instalment of "The Phantom Army," by Max Pemberton, which starts in "Pearson's Weekly" dated August 7th. Yours sincerely, . . .
(PLEASE CUT THIS OFF AND SEND IT TO YOUR BEST FRIEND.)

IF YOU WANT Illustrated Laughs BUY THE Big Budget PRICE 1d.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

IF YOU WANT SOUND READING FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOONS BUY THE Sunday Reader. PRICE 1d.

No. 368.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7, 1897. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

SHIZER'S DREAM.

ITH violent quiver,
With horrible shiver
Proceeding from liver
With ardour intense,
The miser, with caution,
Was counting his portion
Obtained by extortion
In guineas and pence—
Guineas and shillings—
and pence.

As night shades were falling
In manner appalling,
Three gentlemen crawling
With "jemmy" and "crow";
All marched in procession
With care and discretion,
For thieves by profession
Are cautious and slow—
Cautious and careful—and slow.

Quoth Bob, who was leading
(A man of ill-breeding):
"I ain't 'ad much reading,
But, scholard or no,
On this 'ere occasion
I'll 'boss' the invasion"—
For thieves by persuasion
Are vulgar and low—

Gentle and kindly—but low.

The miser sat staring
Before him, and swearing.
His hair he was tearing
In anger and woe.
His heart it was bounding
In manner astounding.
He felt for its sounding—
It sounded "Ho, ho!"
Distinctly it muttered—"Ho, ho!"

As though fixed on poaching,
Or other encroaching,
He saw near approaching
The house-robbing three.
His heart it went bumping,
And throbbing, and jumping.
He felt for its thumping—
'Twas thumping "He, he!"
Most clearly it uttered—"He, he!"

Quoth Shizer, the miser:
"I don't grow much wiser—
That last appetizer
Has weakened my head;
When hearts take to croaking
Facetiously joking,
It's rather provoking"—
Came answer: "You're *dead*,
You stupid old noodle—you're dead!"

His senses half losing
At words so confusing,
"It may be amusing,"
Quoth Shizer, "to you.
To me it's unpleasing,
So pray cease your teasing,
Your humour wants greasing,
It's not very new"—
But true, Mister Shizer—quite true!

The door handle creaking,
Three gentlemen, sneaking,
Burst in—gaily shrieking,
With bars, bolts and locks.
Quoth Bob: "Now we're level,
You wicked old devil,
You'll join in our revel—
You crafty old fox.
You crafty old, artful—old fox."

Surprised at this greeting
And manner of treating
A friend on first meeting,
Old Shizer looked blue.
Quoth Bob: "We're your betters;
We'll bind you in fetters
Like you your bad debtors,

You cunning old Jew—
You grubbing, blood-sucking—old Jew!"

"Thish visit nocturnal
Ish really infernal;
Py Mosesh eternal,
I swear it ain't right
To come without warning
Near one in the morning,
My notish-poard scorning
In letters of white:
'All pishness is closed for—the night!'"

Quoth Bob: "Stow your clatter;
You're dead as a hatter,
And spirits don't chatter,
Theosophists know.
We're sent here to taunt you,
To mock and to haunt you;
The devils they want you
To step down below—
It's only a step—
down below!"

Through windows they raced him,
O'er tables they chased him,
With birches they laced him
With ardour intense.
Like clouds of black thunder
His chests flew asunder,
Disclosing rare plunder
In shillings and pence—
Guineas and shillings—and pence!

With terrible shaking
And head well-nigh breaking,
From slumber awaking
His table to view
On fire—'twas a-blazing
In manner amazing,
Completely erasing
His best I O U,
And stout English gold-pieces, too!

MORAL.

Ye readers that may for ye moral request,
Ye spirit which moved him was—
"Jamieson's Best."

HARVEY JAMES.

HE: "It is so good of you, darling, to accept me. But even my great wealth, I am afraid, can't make you forget that my grandfather was a common fisherman."

She: "Why need I forget it? I will tell everybody about your ancestral hauls, and on your income we will be as happy as the day is long."

MRS. FINNEGAN (starting up as Tim comes home a little shaky): "Ph'at's all the n'ise below? Did I hear some wan shout foire?"

Mr. Finnegan: "B'gorrah, ye did; but be aisy. The foire'sh in Widdy M'Lone's tiniment on the first flure, an' there's sixsh flures betwaine it an' us."

LADY (engaging servant): "Why did you leave your last place?"

Servant: "I couldn't put up with the way one of the young mistresses used to copy me, mum."

Lady: "What do you mean?"

Servant: "Why I had a private soldier for my sweetheart, and what must she do but get a hofficer for hers."

MR. WILCOX, the husband of the poetess of passion, is a common-sense business man, with one big piece of sentiment in his disposition—that is his love for his wife. On one occasion, when he was travelling, he placed six or seven photographs of his wife in different parts of his room in the hotel. The pert chambermaid, whisking them off with her feather duster, electrified the loving spouse by exclaiming:

"My! What a lot of girls you've got!"

All rights reserved.]

THERE is a whistling buoy anchored off the Isle of Wight. Oh, that all the whistling boys could be anchored in deep water, far away!

"JULIA, what did that poor man say when you gave him that lovely bunch of daisies?"

"He said he would much rather have a good boiled cabbage."

MAUD: "Let's take our wedding tour on this tandem."

Claude: "Where shall we go?"

Maude: "Along the bridle paths, to be sure."

"I WISH you would make a picture of Mr. Gladstone for to-morrow's paper."

"I am afraid I have no photograph, sir."

"What of that? You know how to draw a collar, don't you?"

BARBER (to tipsy customer): "Close your mouth, sir, please."

T. C.: "All right; you won't cut me, mister."

Barber: "I ain't afraid of cutting you, but I'm afraid of losing my razor."

ONE never realises the superiority of woman so much as when one sees a bachelor sewing on a button without a thimble, pushing the needle against the wall to get it half way through, and then pulling it through the other half by hanging on to it with his teeth.

"JOHNNY, I have discovered that you have taken more sugar than I gave you."

"Yes, grandma; I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."

AN old doctor was very pungent and frank in his way of giving his opinion. A young preacher occupied his pulpit one day, and at dinner angled very much for a compliment, which was not forthcoming. At last the young man said:

"I hope I did not weary you by the length of my sermon, doctor?"

"No, nor by its depth either," was the laconic reply.

"I AM deeply interested in discovering the lost tribes of Israel," said Mr. Musty, as he came in and sat down by the busy editor for an hour's discussion of the subject.

"You are?" replied the man of resources. "Why don't you advertise for them? The business office is on the first floor. Here, Dan, show the gentleman to the advertising department."

ENGLISH TOURIST (in the Wild West): "I understand there has been four murders, two lynchings, six stabbing affrays, three marriages, and ten suicides here lately. To what do you ascribe this sudden outburst of viciousness?"

Bronco Pete: "Wall, I'll tell yer partner—de boys is tryin' ter show dat dere is a long-felt want here for a high-class, clean, progressive, up-to-date family newspaper."

"Bother these Picture Puzzles," you say. Well, the ordinary run of them *are* getting stale, we admit. But those on page 55 are something very special.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

III.—A CARLIST CATASTROPHE.

"MY dear fellow, an ambassador is a slave to duty—official duty—which I guess is about as hard a task-master as you will find. Life is not all Thanksgiving Days. The ordinary man, who knows nothing about the life of a diplomat, and criticises it pretty freely, believes it to be just a pleasant perpetual pantomime—but it isn't."

My friend Ephraim K. Culverwell sighed, and solemnly winked a solemn left eye. I knew he was ripe for a story, and lay back in my chair encouragingly.

"When I represented Uncle Sam at Madrid—it was a few years ago, not very long after the death of Alphonso XII.—I had one of those struggles between personal and national predilection on the one hand and official duty on the other that mar the pleasure of an ambassador's life. These struggles are just as annoying to us as reading the account of your own appearance at a police-court in your own paper must be to journalists. They are our little sacrifices to duty."

I bowed in recognition of his graceful allusion to my profession. He paused a moment to examine the end of his cigar. He seemed to derive some mysterious support from its contemplation.

"Yes," he continued, "duty is duty, whether you are an ambassador or a journalist, a policeman or a judge. Duty has always been a strong principle with me ever since I was a boy and killed a neighbour's cock for breaking the Sabbath by a profane crow. Very good eating the bird was, too. Even a catapult can become an instrument of morality by a right usage."

He looked a little uncomfortable—he always did when betrayed into any allusion, however slight, to his youthful days—and continued hurriedly.

"We Americans have always regarded Spain with a certain amount of interest. The Cuban affair will one day make history for us. At present our history is rather diluted, and we rely mostly upon Washington and his axe; but one day we shall want to insure the undisturbed making of cigars, and Spain will be confined to the Old World. The matter is always with us: it frizzles up to the front every now and then, and one day we shall have an explosion, and I guess the cigar trade will be all the better for it.

"At the time when the incident happened about which I am going to tell you, the periodical frizzle had cleared the air, and the Americans and Spanish were pretty good friends. There was not much cordiality between us. If they had dared I have no doubt the Spanish authorities would not have minded knifing most Americans, but they did not dare, and so we were diplomatically friendly. I was present at all the State ceremonies and State balls, and had pleasant chats with the Ministers about the weather.

"It seemed safer to keep to the weather, as diplomatic relations were fairly easy on that point. I was so far honoured as to be allowed to present to his Majesty, King Baby, on behalf of my Government at Washington, a unique set of leaden Spanish soldiers, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to accept them with a royal crow of pleasure. I have reason to believe that the Cortes were much troubled on the point, and debated with much solemnity whether the fact of the soldiers being leaden might be taken as having a symbolical meaning.

"When, therefore, Cumberpatch, my confidential secretary, asked for a month's leave or so, I let him go.

"'I guess we shall be quiet enough, Silas,' I said. 'His Majesty is evidently sickening for the measles, and there is little prospect of anything happening until you get back.'

"I am a bit hazy now as to what Cumberpatch wanted his leave for. I think it was either debts or matrimony. I know I sympathised with him in a friendly manner, at which he was pleased. I like to take a kindly interest in the welfare of my subordinates. On the whole it is very cheap, and we all of us like a little sympathy.

"I was sorry to lose him, for he was an excellent secretary, and his poker playing was very fine. However, I knew nothing would happen of serious consequence while he was away, so I was not uneasy. An international difficulty takes a good deal of preparation, and I knew none of the Foreign Ministers were particularly busy at that time. When a crisis is announcing in a leading paragraph in a 'special' edition, the public are staggered at the suddenness with which such complications are sprung upon nations; but, believe me, it takes many months of assiduous care on the part of the diplomats to bring it to such a state of perfection.

"Cumberpatch came to me a day or so before he left Madrid.

"'I have taken the liberty of speaking to a young fellow I know about the secretaryship. You will be short-handed, sir, and I think you will find him useful.'

"'Who is he?' I asked.

"'He's Spanish—but a quiet, well-behaved fellow. He has travelled a good deal in England, and speaks American very well. Of course, you would only employ him on routine work.'

"I was a little dubious. You see, a Minister does not care about taking a member of another nationality into his Embassy, and yet, on the other hand, we were certainly short handed.

"'Of course, Cumberpatch,' I answered, a little stiffly. 'Can you vouch for his honesty?'

"'Certainly; he has excellent testimonials from ——' and Cumberpatch mentioned a string of titles with which I was not familiar. However, as he seemed to know them fairly well I accepted them. It is not wise to profess any ignorance before a subordinate.

"'Then you may tell him to call,' I said.

"'He is here, sir. I will call him.' I must confess I was a little surprised at that. It seemed to me that Cumberpatch was taking a great deal of trouble on my behalf, and when a man troubles himself on behalf of another I guess he reckons on making something out of the deal. However, I put it down to his anxiety to go bankrupt or be married.

"Cumberpatch went to the door of my room and called. My room opened into another in which Cumberpatch usually sat, and informed inquirers, who passed the hall porter and the junior clerks, that his Excellency, the American Minister, was too busy to see anyone. Evidently the Spanish gentleman who spoke American and was to take Cumberpatch's place was in waiting.

"A tall, graceful young man glided in at the open door. It was getting dusk, and I could not see him very clearly, but I made out that he was handsome in the operatic tenor way, and was young—not more than three or four and twenty.

"'This is Señor Josef di Basilio,' Cumberpatch said.

"He bowed, and I bent my head. I looked at Cumberpatch, and he lit the gas. The Spaniard was certainly handsome, and his eyes were soft, innocent, and honest. I rather liked him.

"'You are very young,' I observed.

"He threw open the palms of his hands in deprecation.

"'It is a fault,' he acknowledged in a musical voice, 'but a fault that I shall constantly mitigate in your Excellency's employ. My testimonials are correct, are they not? Your Excellency has read of the Duc de——'

"'Yes, yes, that is all right,' I said hurriedly. 'Your duties will be only clerical and—and conversational. Work grows a little tedious, even in embassies, and I always liked to have someone to talk to.'

"Well, in the end I engaged him, and for a week I was quite charmed with him. He was an admirable secretary, exceedingly deferential, and he introduced me to a new game of cards which was quite fascinating. Then one or two matters made me suspicious. It is the duty of a diplomat to be suspicious. Your country expects it, and you must do something for your salary. I found out that Basilio was not his name. One day I went to the door between our apartments and called him by name—or rather by the name he had given me. He was looking out of the window with a pleased smile, and counting on his fingers. I called him three times, and he did not answer. Then he turned round with a start, biting his lip.

"'I did not know you meant me, your Excellency,' he said. When a man does not know he is meant by his own name, it is a little suspicious.

"Another matter which troubled me was his evident dislike to evening recreations. On no occasion would he accompany me out after dinner. As he was so popular at Court, especially among the women, it somewhat astonished me. There were two ladies of the Court who took particular interest in my secretary. Their open rivalry was the cause of much amusement and a considerable number of smiles. As their positions were high in the Court, their attachment to a casual secretary excited the more comment. Their names were—well, Donna Isabella and Donna Lucia. Isabella was a veritable virago. I trod on her train at a Court ball once, and consequently had a fair opportunity of judging. Lucia, on the other hand, was good-tempered, pert, and coquettish.

"I spoke to Josef about them.

"'It seems to me, Josef,' I observed, 'that you could do a good deal more pleasant fooling in the evening. I know Donna Isabella is always looking for you, and last night Donna Lucia was quite annoyed with me when she saw that I was alone.

"He smiled in a self-depreciatory manner, gleaming his teeth at me in a particularly friendly way.

"'Ah, the ladies, your Excellency; they are so troublesome. They are good to me; but what of that? My sole desire is to perfect my work in your Excellency's employ.'

"That was an excellent maxim, but dead against the Spanish nature. A Spaniard has only two occupations—rolling cigarettes and making love. It quite pained me that Josef should relinquish the latter for the sake of work. I felt the dear fellow might be ruining his health. Besides, the ladies were distinctly more civil to me when he was with me, and—well, sir, we are none of us stone, and the whole of my heart is not usurped by my fictitious wife.

"'There is a ball to-morrow, Josef. It is to be a great occasion. There are to be fireworks and some excellent champagne. You must come with me.'

"'There are many letters to write, your Excellency,' he said. He seemed quite troubled about the matter. I could even detect a note of anxiety in his voice.

"'One night will make no difference. I insist upon your coming.' I felt that I was doing him a kindness. Besides, I could not quite understand where he found the work. Matters were so pleasant that there was hardly anything to write about. Indeed, if Josef had not had a remarkably intelligent appreciation of the scope of a vivid imagination, I am afraid that my dispatches to Washington at that period would have been bare and unconvincing.

"'Your Excellency has only to command,' he answered quietly, and I felt quite elated.

"When I was ready to set out for the ball the next evening I could not find Josef anywhere. I was anxious not to shirk my duty—I always had an overweening sense of my duty to my country—and I was afraid that I should miss a good deal of one of the greatest events of the year. I shouted for him until the hall porter looked injured, and then Josef answered in a weak voice from his own room.

"I opened the door. Josef was struggling into a cloak in a faint-hearted way. I went to his help, and then I noticed that under the miserable light of the Spanish gas he was looking exceedingly pale.

"'Why, what's the matter, Josef?' I cried, as he sank weakly into one of the office chairs.

"'If your Excellency will pardon me, I took the liberty of meeting with an accident. It is a trifle. I will do my duty.' The poor fellow tried to rise, but sank back again.

"'An accident! What accident?' I asked.

"'My hand,' he murmured, stretching out his slender hand, bound up in blood-stained handkerchiefs. 'A bottle burst. Your Excellency knows how badly the bottles are made, and my hand, it has suffered.'

"I tried to take his hand to look at it, but he withdrew it hastily.

"'It is sore; a cut is sometimes sore, your Excellency.' His eyes looked bravely up into mine. 'I am ready to obey your Excellency. Shall we go now?'

"'Of course not, my poor Josef!' I said. His devotion to me was quite touching. 'It is beyond question impossible for you to accompany me to-night. But,' I added heroically, 'I will stay with you.'

"'Oh, no, no, your Excellency, I should not be happy so to detain you. Matters of great consequence to the all-powerful country which your Excellency so ably represents may happen to-night. Who knows? I will struggle, your Excellency, I will go with you.' He tried to rise, and reeled. Then he sat down and smiled faintly.

"'No, Josef, you must remain here,' I said peremptorily. Then I added in a hesitating manner, for his words about the consequences of my absence had considerable weight with me, 'I don't half like leaving you here.'

"'You are too kind, your Excellency, but indeed I shall do quite well. The blood has ceased to flow, a few hours rest will do me good. I will write the close of the dispatch—the wound is in my left hand—by the mercy of the saints! You will be late?'

"'I expect so, Josef. The interests of my country demand that I should relinquish all thought of my own comfort. I shall probably be very late.'

"'Ah, well, it is good, your Excellency. I will write the dispatch.'

"I lighted a cigar in the hall, thinking of Josef. I had taken a sincere liking to him, in spite of his mysterious ways. There was such an evident devotion to myself that pleased me. I guess it is human nature to be fond of those who are devoted to us. That, I think, accounts for the affection between men and dogs.

"I went out into the porchway, slamming the door after me. Then I paused, for my cigar would not draw. I tried to coax it for a few minutes, but a cigar is beyond coaxing. When I looked for another I had quite an interesting hunt. I finally located my cigar-case in my revolver pocket. I selected a Havannah, lit up, and then went slowly down the steps. Looking back at the Embassy, I was surprised to see a single light in my room. It went out suddenly, then appeared again. Altogether it flashed three times. I concluded that Josef must have gone in for some paper, and that his hand was a little unsteady after his accident.

"Turning the corner of the square in which was the Embassy, I nearly knocked a tall man down. He was enveloped in a long cloak, and wore his hat drawn over his forehead. I reviled him pleasantly and went on. Down the street, which was badly lighted, I counted three others similar in costume. I began to think of my diamond ring. It was easy for thieves to find out that I was in the habit of walking to the Palace on fine evenings. I felt in my revolver pocket, and under the next light furtively examined my Colt. It was loaded in all five chambers. That gave me confidence. I reckon a Colt is about as good a friend to have in a foreign country as any you could wish for. Indeed, in some delicate diplomatic business I have found its arguments most persuasive.

"I was rather late at the Court. The salons were quite crowded. The Spaniards were very great at ceremonial and costumes. I never think of the Spanish without remembering the comic operas of your Mr. Gilbert, which are done so excellently in New York. The more bankrupt they became, the greater the dignity and pride of the Court. His Majesty, King Baby, was in bed, but the Queen Regent was quite affable—for a Spaniard. I think she forgot her rank in knowledge of her motherhood, and the Royal infant was mightily pleased with the leaden soldiers.

"I was sauntering round the salon, wondering when the fireworks and the champagne would commence, when a soft voice whispered my name. Turning round, I saw Donna Lucia.

"'The fountain is most charming, your Excellency, and the Gardens so cool.' She had eyes which reminded me of a favourite spaniel I once had. Besides, the salon was distinctly hot.

"'Madame,' I said, bowing, and gravely offering my arm, 'my heart carries with it a flame beyond the power of the fountain to quench, or the Gardens to cool.'

"She laughed a light, musical laugh.

"'Your Excellency is pleased to flatter,' she said.

"She was a charming little woman, and we passed half-an-hour very agreeably looking at the grass. Then she sighed.

"'I must go back now, your Excellency,' she whispered. 'It is not well to be gone too long. Alas! that my husband should be—— You will stay late, your Excellency? Don Pedro will be gone at half-past two!'

"Don Pedro was her husband.

"'I would wait until eternity for the Donna Lucia,' I said.

"'Not so long as that—only until the devil be caged!' she laughed. It struck me that her pet name for her husband was more descriptive than pleasant. I took her back to the salon and left her.

"'Until half-past two, remember,' she said, adroitly dropping her handkerchief. In the handkerchief was a rosebud, and I kept both.

"Near the door of the Grand Salon I met Donna Isabella. She was evidently angry. Her eyes were flushed in a disconcerted fashion. She was searching for someone. Fearful in my mind, being conscious of the torn train of a week ago, I tried to conceal myself behind Monsieur Montrius, the French attaché. As I am six foot one and a quarter in my socks, and he was five feet two in his riding boots, the concealment was not satisfactory.

Cyclists are agitating for a patron saint. This week's SUNDAY READER tells of saints who were associated with the wheel.

"'Your Excellency,' she said, in a low, hard voice, 'the Gardens are quiet.'

"I remember thinking that the Gardens were something like St. Paul, and were all things to all women. We went out, she leaning on my arm. Being a woman of mature charms, my arm soon contracted an unpleasant tingling sensation.

"She made for a secluded seat in a silent and business-like manner. Seating herself, she tapped me into a place by her side with her fan. Then she started.

"'A perfidious flirt, a flaunting coquette, an empty doll!' she gasped. I began to wonder whether she was giving me her own character sketch.

"'Your Excellency knows the Donna Lucia,' she went on, and I grasped the situation. She was jealous. I felt quite proud.

"'She is bad through and through. Heartless, perfidious, abandoned! Why the saints permit her to live I cannot tell. Your Excellency is a man of honour'—I bowed—'and what I reveal to you must be under the seal of secrecy. Your secretary, Señor Josef'—I felt hurt; these silly women were jealous about that boy, and I—well, you can understand the contempt I have for Spanish women—'yesterday he tells me that he loves me, and I—oh, your Excellency knows the weakness, the truthfulness of women—I believed him. He gave me a ring, a quaint, antique ring, and I treasured it as the pledge of a life-long affection.' She sobbed into two square yards of lace. On the whole, it was as well that her sobs were dry. 'To-day,' she recommenced in a tragic voice, 'I met her, that creature, and on the first finger of her left hand was a similar ring to mine—quaint, antique, exact. What do you think of that?'

"'He must have got them from Saratoga—they have a flourishing trade in antiques.'

"She looked at me scornfully.

"'You are all shop-keepers,' she said. Then, becoming mysterious, she added: 'Return to your Embassy, enter your room. That shall be my revenge!'

"I looked at her in amazement. It seemed such a quaint sort of revenge, nothing about stilettos or knives, so thoroughly un-Spanish.

"'What would your Government say if a plot against the throne were hatched at your Embassy?'

"That was enough. I took her back quietly to the salon and slipped out of the palace by a back way. I had no love for Spain, and I knew that the government of my country would not be grieved at a change in the Spanish dynasty; but the other European countries had to be reckoned with, and they would be sure to say something unpleasant. At all events I should be a sacrifice, and I have never seen the force of sacrificing a useful career.

"I went back to the Embassy by the quietest roads, taking the precaution to disguise myself as much as possible with hat and cloak. Of course, the whole affair was as clear as electric light to me then. Señor Josef was a Carlist, and every night when I was out he and a few other friends of Don Carlos were engaged in plotting for the gentleman's restoration. In his eagerness to secure as much knowledge concerning the Court, and as much sympathy as possible, Señor Josef had contrived to make two women jealous. It was a pretty idea, for, of course, the American Embassy was above suspicion even from the Spanish.

"When I reached the ill-lit street which led into my square I proceeded cautiously. Just at the corner was a man loitering in the shadow of the wall. Luckily he was looking the other way, and was evidently not expecting so early a return on my part. I took out a large woollen scarf from my pocket and crept behind him. He was so astonished that he was muffled before he could look round. When he turned he caught sight of my Colt.

"'Come, my friend,' I said, handling the toy negligently. 'You must accompany me to the Embassy. I am sorry to inconvenience you, but unfortunately I have no alternative. If you stumble, or make any noise, I am afraid an accident may occur.' I touched the revolver significantly.

"He saw the force of my argument, and came very quietly. I gave him my latchkey, and made him open the door, as I thought it would be rude to turn my back upon him, a stranger. He gave back the key, leaving the door open, and then preceded me through Cumberpatch's room into my own, and at my request.

"I never saw a party so disturbed before. Señor Josef, quite recovered—it is wonderful what a little paint and a bad light will do!—looked at me as though I were a ghost. Three other gentlemen, in various positions, betokening extreme astonishment, regarded me from pushed-back chairs. On the table was a mass of documents and plans.

"'I have brought back your friend, gentlemen,' I said. 'It was a little cruel of you to leave him outside. The night air is so treacherous.'

"Señor Josef, the first to grasp the situation, made a dash for the table, but seeing himself covered by my Colt, he gave up the attempt.

"'No, gentlemen, you don't. You will leave all those papers behind you. I would not think of loading you with them. Should any of you move, I shall be reluctantly compelled to shoot. It would pain me much, I can assure you, and I fancy it would pain you even more.'

"I never saw men so cowed before. They all sat and stared at me like sheep examining a butcher.

"'I am sorry to appear so inhospitable, but I must ask you all to withdraw,' I went on pleasantly. 'I feel I am not equal to a lengthy interview. You need have no fear—for reasons which you may possibly find intelligence enough to appreciate when you have grown cool outside—I shall make no use of my discovery for at least two days. Then I shall give these manuscripts to my very good friend the Prime Minister—of course, keeping secret as to the way in which they came into my hands. It would not do for the Embassy to be implicated in such a matter. These two days will give you time for a journey in search of health. You will now be good enough to go.'

"We went out in single file, my ruffled friend first and myself last. Josef, being the last of the Spaniards and nearest my revolver, seemed quite pale, even under my hall lamp, although he had removed the artistic 'make up' with which he had deceived me. I noticed, too, that he had a difficulty in walking.

"At the door I spoke to him.

"'Always make a difference in your presents to ladies, Josef,' I said, 'otherwise there is apt to be jealousy.' Then I closed the door.

"The documents which fell into my hands proved the existence of a deeply-rooted conspiracy, which would have ripened in a fortnight but for Donna Isabella's temper. I gave them to the Prime Minister two days later, explaining that they had been given to me by a loyal subject, who had been pressed into the affair. Señor Josef figured in the documents under his real name, Don Paolo del Basto, so that there was nothing to incriminate me. However, I think the sudden departure of my handsome secretary gave the Spanish authorities some inkling of the way in which the matter had come to my knowledge.

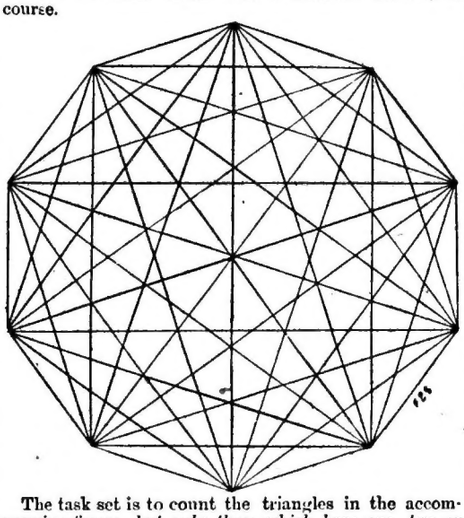
"When Cumberpatch came back it appeared that bankruptcy or matrimony had been very remunerative.

"Yes, duty is duty, but if they had chosen any other embassy but mine, I don't know that I should have been so keen on putting an end to the conspiracy. You see, a revolution would have weakened them considerably, and I guess Cuba would be a fairly lucrative investment for Uncle Sam."

(*Next week*: "AN UNSEEN WITNESS.")

COUNT THESE TRIANGLES.

A FEW weeks ago we published a diagram in which competitors were asked to count the number of triangles. This competition was so popular that we have devised another on same lines—with a different answer, of course.



The task set is to count the triangles in the accompanying figure, *but only those which have one, two, or three angular points on the circumference of the figure are required.*

A cheque for two guineas will go to the reader whose correct solution is first dealt with, and a gold-plated pencil-case to each of the next ten. I don't fancy that anyone will get absolutely correct, so those who get most nearly so will carry off the good things.

By-the-bye, I may as well say that, half-a-dozen penny stamps should be inclosed for the FRESH AIR FUND. Mark your envelope "TRIANGLES," and let it reach this office by Monday, August 9th.

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ARE TALL MEN FAILURES?

I ENTERED a City friend's office the other day as an unsuccessful candidate for one of his vacant clerkships left it.

"No good?" I asked.

"Not a bit," replied my friend. I expressed surprise, for the applicant looked an intelligent and likely man.

My reply was a shrewd smile and a few words, which considerably opened my eyes.

"Too tall," said he. "Can't get about when they're that length. Intelligent enough, I dare say, in a six-foot sort of way, but they haven't the keenness of little men. Give me an average size for business, and as much below it as you like. They're the men to move; long men don't pay in commerce; look about the City and you'll see the truth of my words."

I looked about the City, and finding there was truth in my friend's remarks, made a few inquiries. As a result I am inclined to think tall men are heavily handicapped in the battle of life, unless they have private means, wish to enlist, or hanker for a billet in the police. Even then their inches are against them. Tall men being proverbially generous soon get through their means. If they enlist, they do so in a cavalry regiment, and get three times the work of a five-foot anything linesman, while it's a thousand to one against the long one's chest filling up the regulation coat of blue.

My investigations into this question soon proved to me that excessive stature is a commercial objection in more places than the City. In the medical profession it is, on the contrary, an undoubted advantage. Six foot of doctor inspires confidence in the worst cases, and a two yards' length of barrister or parson goes a long way in making a speech or a sermon telling. But it doesn't pay a lawyer to put himself in a forcing frame. People prefer the short, sharp, ferrety variety, ever popular in melodrama and fiction. Long lawyers only make one six-and-eightpence to ten received by their shorter brethren.

The short man gets on at almost any trade. The long man gets shelved in his stead in most occupations. I took the trouble to carefully inquire, and although there is no great prejudice against inches, yet there is a decided preference for those with an average share, and as both sizes apply for almost any class of situation, the position is sufficiently serious.

"We don't like 'em over 'igh," said a baker with whom I had a chat. "They ain't as thick-set as the short 'uns, and when it comes to carrying a load of bread, why they're not in it. But then they're handier at the ovens. There ain't no room for guardsmen in a London bakery. Give me short men for bakers. That's my opinion."

"Long men can't bend for any time," said a friendly bootmaker. "You won't find a tall man over the last once in a blue moon. Why? Well, I dunno. I suppose they've got too much back. If you don't believe me, keep your eyes open. No, 'tain't because they're aren't many. There's plenty of long 'uns about, but there ain't much market for them. They're no good for stooping jobs. Look at gardeners. They ain't 'igher than a rake 'andle most of 'em."

I found in a good many branches of trade the preference was for medium-sized, average-heighted men, neither too tall nor short. "They seem to have the most strength," said a big ironmaster whom I interviewed on the subject. For lifting and carrying purposes, give me a man of five foot eight or nine. They are a lot stronger. Look at my men—all about that size. Very tall men are as weak as kittens. They're too weedy."

There are very few tall men in the newspaper trade, which is one requiring great energy, and medium or short men seem to monopolise most pushing trades where energy and go is the first essential to success.

The great exception is the commercial traveller, who is the most energetic of all, and to whom it is an advantage to be tall and striking.

In the shipping trade they won't look at a tall man. Most of our merchant seamen are short, thick, muscular fellows, and, as a matter of fact, this applies in the Navy, although it does not exclude tall men. How often do we see a long Jack Tar?

Printers, engineers, painters, carpenters, builders, and most kinds of factory hands all run short and medium sized. In fact, the tall man is at a discount unless he engages in an occupation requiring an individual personality. The run-to-seed man looks well as a doctor, barrister, soldier, policeman, shop-walker, insurance agent, rate-collector, or prize-fighter, but in most things he is out of it.

Even in athletics length doesn't go for much. How many popular athletics are tall? How many of our eminent men measure three times a two-foot rule? How many great men in the past have occupied their "full six feet of land?"

No, the tall man is a comparative failure. He may do well, but he must keep his weather eye on the man who fits under the top of his collar.

"I SAY, you rascal, come down out of that tree; I'll tell your father that you are stealing my apples!"

"All right, tell him now, for he's up here in the tree with me."

Ladies! If you wish to dress economically and well, get ISOBEL'S DRESSMAKING-AT-HOME for August. Now on sale, price 1½d.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3616. Which Two Animals Least Alike in Structure are Most Alike in Habits?

The wide difference between a man and an ant is obvious to everyone, yet in their habits they present remarkable and striking similarities. Ants live in communities, which are organised as methodically as in semi-civilised States, the place and work of each member being strictly regulated. Omitting the king and queen, the community is divided into two classes, workers and soldiers. The latter protect the king and queen and defend the persons and property of the workers, who are the backbone of the society. The following further examples may be cited. These intelligent creatures build inner chambers which serve as nurseries. Here the young ants are carefully tended. The workers feed them with morsels from their own mouths, they take them out for exercise and air in fine weather, and they scrape and rub them with their mandibles and tongues to keep them clean. Certain species of ants are slave-holders. They attack other communities, and seize their young. These they bring home and train as slaves. In some societies the slaves do all the work, in others they are assisted by their masters. Perhaps the most curiously human of all the habits of ants is their so-called "milking" of the *aphis*, or green-fly. This insect secretes a sweet liquid, called *honey-dew*, of which ants are very fond. It has been even affirmed by some observers that certain ants lodge and maintain the green-flies for the purpose of "milking" them, as farmers keep cows.

3617. Which English Act of Parliament did the Greatest Injustice to Englishmen?

Probably the famous Statute of Labourers, passed after the plague of the Black Death had decimated the ranks of English artisans and labourers. According to the rough-and-ready legislative methods of the period, it was no doubt honestly intended as the only apparently possible remedy for a very serious state of affairs. It was recognised that the work of the country had got to get done if national ruin was to be averted, and, as the available supply of labour was so enormously diminished, the powers that were sought to enforce the employment of every unit that was left. But, unhappily for themselves and the country, the framers of the statute did not recognise that the law of supply and demand is much more imperative than any humanly devised law. It was inevitable that the labourers and artisans should revolt against measures which struck directly at the natural rights of men, and when it came to enforcing the statute by penalties an incalculable amount of injustice was done—and done in vain. The same, of course, might be said of every one of the enactments which have sought to coerce religious belief in this country; but in these cases an extra-human factor is introduced which puts them outside the proper scope of the question. As regards modern times it is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the Income Tax Acts have produced more legal injustice to Englishmen than any others now current.

3619. Next to London, which British Town would have the Greatest Strategic Value to an Invading Foe?

Taking the question in its widest sense, the answer would undoubtedly be Portsmouth. But Portsmouth is more than a town; it is a huge naval and military depôt, and it would be fairly safe to say that it could hardly be taken and held unless the British fleets had been swept from the seas and, at any rate, the southern parts of Britain conquered. In a lesser degree the same might be said of Chatham, Plymouth, and Milford Haven. Of towns proper—that is to say, not arsenals or depôts—the best answer would probably be Liverpool. The possession of the great Lancashire seaport would mean the paralysis of at least half of our Atlantic trade. It would also mean the command of the North, the domination of the wealthiest manufacturing district in the country, and also that of one of the most important of our railway centres. Given an enemy landed on the banks of the Mersey in sufficient force to assume the offensive, and supported by a fleet strong enough to command the approaches to the Mersey, it would be difficult to imagine any greater calamity befalling the country short of actual paralysis of its naval and military power.

3620. In which Profession or Calling are the Most Varied Powers Needed to Achieve Success?

In the exploration of unknown lands. Africa is the chief field for the practice of this calling, and the powers which a successful African explorer must possess are as numerous as they are various. He must have perfect health, with a constitution that will defy the dangers of exposure and successfully combat the ravages of fever and its consequences. He must have a practical knowledge of medicine and surgery, and should also be able to mend his own clothes and boots, and patch up his guns, cooking utensils, and such like. He must ride and shoot well, and be an excellent walker, as well as a fast runner at a pinch. He should sleep well, and yet have the gift of waking when he wishes, and also of waking quickly at certain signals. He must have the highest type of courage, with perfect coolness in time of danger, and he must have that gift of great generals which easily wins love and obedience, and organises the details of an expedition without error, and quickly arrives at correct decisions in sudden emergencies. He must be quick at languages, and should know some German, Portuguese, Dutch, and a few native dialects. To these he must add a knowledge of geology, botany, surveying, astronomy, and natural history, while some skill in drawing and photography would not be out of place.

3621. What is the Difference between Weather and Climate?

Climate depends upon fixed conditions of latitude and solar heat, and the modifications resulting from such fundamental facts as the earth's annual and diurnal motions, the distribution of land and water, the physical and geological character of the land and its elevation above the sea level. Climate is thus the broad result of all the agencies influencing the atmospheric variations at the locality under consideration, while "weather" has a much more limited meaning, and, as popularly used, has reference merely to a particular phase of these atmospheric changes at a particular time. Practically, for point and brevity it is difficult to improve on the schoolboy's definition that "Weather is what we have to-day and climate is what we have all the time."

3622. What is the Most Striking Historical Instance of the Remedy being Worse than the Disease?

In all history there is no example of an honestly intended cure for what was honestly recognised as a very serious disease which is so striking as the disastrous attempts of the ruling theological authorities to stamp out "heresy" during the 16th and 17th centuries. An absolutely appalling, and, indeed, to people of this generation, an incredible amount of human suffering and misery was the immediate result. Barbarities—the mere mention of which is enough to make a citizen of to-day shudder—were practised with all due solemnity and legal form, and, worse still, were accepted by the great mass of the population as matters of course. The result was a universal brutalising, whose consequences were absolutely incalculable, and here the remedy was not only worse than the disease, even from the point of view of those who put the remedy in force, since, so far from curing it, it drove the so-called disease deeper into the hearts of the people and spread it far more than it checked it. Hence all the misery and suffering incurred were worse than wasted. Of single concrete examples, the French Revolution would be the best, for, horrible as were the evils of the old *régime*, the saturnalia of blood known as the Reign of Terror concentrated the horrors of centuries into a few years, and, after all, only ended in the establishment of a new despotism which came very near to subjugating, not only France, but the greater part of Europe.

3623. Why does an Alloy Melt more Easily than the Metals which go to Compose it?

In order to answer this question we have got to consider the molecular theory of solids and liquids and the mechanical theory of heat. According to these theories, the molecules which form a solid body are all fixed relatively to one another, but are all vibrating, the extent of the vibration depending on the temperature of the body. When the body gets so hot that the vibrations of the molecules cause them to move relatively to one another, the motion of a molecule, however, being restrained by always being in contact with other molecules, then it becomes liquid. Now the molecules of an alloy, according to the atomic theory, are larger than those of its constituent metals, and from analogy with a box containing cricket balls violently shaken about it will be seen that relative motion will commence the larger the molecules are. For example, lead melts at 334deg. C., bismuth at 270deg. C., tin at 235deg. C., and cadmium at 227deg. C.; whereas an alloy containing 8 parts of lead, 15 of bismuth, 4 of tin, and 3 of cadmium softens at as low a temperature as 60deg. C., and is perfectly fluid at 65deg. C., (149deg. Fahr.).

3625. In our Wars with France, have Both Armies ever been Commanded by Generals of the Opposite Nationality?

This singular state of affairs came about during the war of the Spanish succession. The French troops in Spain were under the command of the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II., and a man of great military abilities. After the most mistaken recall of the Earl of Peterborough, the command of the English forces was given to the Earl of Galway. Now the Earl of Galway was a son of the Marquis de Ruvigny, who had left France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and he had been raised to the Irish peerage for his services in Ireland. The struggle in Spain was practically ended by the battle of Almansor. The Earl of Galway commanded the English forces, and the Duke of Berwick the French, and it is noteworthy that the only time in history that a French army beat an English one in a pitched battle, the French were commanded by an Englishman, and the English by a Frenchman.

3627. Have English Soldiers ever Fought in Opposite Armies by Royal Command?

This extraordinary thing happened in the year 1674 under the weak and vicious rule of Charles II. The English had been allied with France against Holland, but Parliament were so strongly opposed to this policy that they compelled the King to make peace with the United Provinces. One of the provisions of the treaty was that the Dutch should be allowed to raise forces in England. Accordingly some English regiments under the Earl of Ossory joined the Dutch, and rendered good service against the French at the battle of Seneff. King Charles, however, followed the bent of his own sympathies by sending an English force to help the French. It was commanded by his natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, and under him fought Captain John Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough.

3628. Why is it that some Fruits are Provided with a Hard Kernel and a Soft Rind?

The kernel is the seed, which is hard and indigestible, while the soft rind is a food to tempt birds which eat the fruit and so transport the seed to distant places, and insure the distribution of the plant. The yew, for example, has such a food with a hard kernel or seed, which is not injured by the digestive processes, and by the aid of birds this tree is propagated on fresh soils instead of being confined to the land already occupied and exhausted by the parent tree. The mistletoe, too, has a similar seed with a sticky rind, which causes the fruit to adhere to the beak of the bird that eats it, and the seed is often wiped off on the branch of another tree. Sometimes the rind seems rather for protection than as an attraction, and this seems to be the case in the walnut, for birds do not eat it, but the bitter rind rapidly decays, and helps to form a suitable soil for the seed.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. ***Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.***

QUESTIONS.

3651. In which battle, fought on British ground, were the smallest numbers engaged?

3652. Is there any country where birds are employed as shepherds or sheep-dogs?

3653. Which English king anticipated Cromwell's policy of local government?

3654. Why is smoke deleterious to vegetation whereas soot is beneficial to it?

3655. Which period in our national life furnishes the fewest materials for history?

3656. Is there any country in which the authorities select husbands for women who reach a certain age unmarried?

3657. Which was the most singular army ever assembled in this country?

3658. Which kind of work most alters the features?

3659. In which European country are there fewest foreigners?

3660. Which newspaper article has gained the greatest notoriety?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be absolutely secured by the payment of a small annual premium to the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are prepared to issue policies to the Investor securing his money and interest.

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A certain cure for indigestion is to prepare your food according to the recipes in HOME COOKERY. Price one penny. Now on Sale.

A BIG HEAP OF BOTTLES.

ACCORDING to the ideas of the advocate of teetotalism, the most striking monument which could possibly be erected to a man would be the bottles of wine, spirits, and beer which he had consumed during his life.

Such a striking monument does as a matter of fact exist. It is not at home, however, but in the Kru coast district of Africa, whose people are reputed to be the finest of the West African race.

This remarkable monument consists entirely of gin bottles, that being the peculiar tipple of the natives. An African explorer took a photograph of this curious sight, and it has been exhibited to one of the Royal Societies of London.

It appears that the whole of the monument was manufactured bottle by bottle by a single individual who had an everlasting thirst, which is easily understood in so warm a climate.

The result need hardly be stated. The man went mad through destroying his nervous system with the alcohol.

Now the natives worship at this monument as if it were an altar to the white man's spirit, which they evidently love so well.

HOW THE WEATHER SETS THE FASHION.

A GOOD many people wonder how fashions originate. Some ascribe them to the influence of royalty, others to the leading West-end shopkeepers, and so forth. As a matter of fact, the caprices of fashion are largely influenced by the weather. Four years ago the heat was so excessive in London that City men made a practice of leaving their waistcoats at home, wearing at the waist striped silk scarfs.

The result was that the cummerbund, a sort of waist sash, came into fashion, and has developed until it has attained the dignity of pockets and buttons.

Later, the cummerbund brought in a new sort of embroidered shirt, suitable for wear without a waistcoat, and ultimately this shirt became popular for wear with evening clothes.

And so a hot spell in the City was indirectly responsible for several popular fashions.

In similar fashion a great snowstorm and blizzard was directly responsible for the introduction of the boa, which has become one of the most universal articles of feminine attire.

But, perhaps, the ubiquitous blouse is the most striking instance, for no article of dress was ever invented which has been more widely adopted. Its inception dates from the tennis club craze, some few years ago, when it was found to be the coolest and simplest dress in hot weather. Now there are blouses suitable for every conceivable occasion, and in the train of the blouse came the waist-belt, which, in various materials, has sold by the hundred thousand, and seems likely to become a permanent part of ladies' dress.

The invention of the rational cycling costume, which is very popular on the Continent, is directly due to the dire effects of high wind on the skirt.

No more popular fashion for men than the tweed cap was ever designed. For this also we have to thank the boisterous weather, which made the felt hat too comfortless for toleration.

The so-called hygienic rational boot, with its flat heels and sensible toes, was evolved from the skating boot, which, in its turn, owed its being to a phase of the weather and its inclemency, and the consequent dirtiness of the highways first led to the introduction of spats and knickerbockers. Both articles of attire are now worn on the finest and most beautiful days.

"OUR landlady is getting the bicycle fever."

"Why do you think so?"

"She is putting rubber tyres on the rhubarb tarts."

"How did the manager get all those women out of that burning building so quickly?"

"He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking powder."

MONEY-LENDER (to undergraduate): "All right, I will prolong your bill; but only on one condition—that is, that during the next paper-chase you scatter broadcast these little cards with the words: 'Money advanced on easy terms by N. N——.'"

DONALD: "I see you are painting the auld trees."

Artist (angrily): "Yes. But don't bother me just now. Go and get on with your work."

Donald: "Well, my wark is jest to chop them down, so you must hurry up with your paintin'."

"SARAH, this going out incessantly I cannot have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day."

"But, ma'am, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her."

Sonny (interceding): "Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been made a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great, long sword!"

THE INEBRIATED FLY.

IT'S a singular fact that whenever I order
A goblet of Guinness or bumper of Bass,
Out of ten or a dozen that sport round the border,
One fly turns a somersault into my glass.

It's not that I grudge him the liquor he's tasted,
Supposing him partial to ale or to stout,
But consider the time irretrievably wasted
In trying to fish that small wanderer out!

Believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful
This habit which knocks even bluebottles up,
Oh, think of what Cassio on taking a skinful
Remarked upon ev'ry inordinate cup!

Where is your home, and how will you get there?
And what will your wife and your family think?
And how you will manage to show the whole set there
That paterfamilias is given to drink!

Oh, think of the moment when conscience returning,
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight,
When the tongue shall be parched, and the brow shall be burning,
And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night!

For thy toast shall be hard, and thy tea shall be bitter
And all through the breakfast one thought shall intrude:
That a little pale brandy and seltzer were fitter,
On such an occasion, than animal food!

I have known, silly fly, the delight beyond measure,
The blissful emotion, prolonged and intense,
The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
Of drinking at somebody else's expense.

But, ah, when I've not used that privilege rightly
I've found the next morning, on leaving my bed,
That the skin was pulled over my countenance tightly,
And tied in a knot at the back of my head.

HOW TURF KINGS ARE TREATED.

A MOVING PALACE FOR THEIR CONVENIENCE.

THE Americans have gone further than we in the luxurious care of celebrated racers, and a travelling Pullman car, fitted with every convenience for the

favoured horses, has just been completed for their special use. The carriage is nearly sixty feet in length, three-fourths of which space will be devoted to the horses' stalls, whilst the other quarter will be occupied by the attendants who accompany the prized animals wherever they may travel.

The stables naturally show every sign of costly luxuriance. Draped with black and gold—the colours of the owner—the apartments look more fitting for a king's service rather than for the carriage of animals. The whole of the woodwork is of chestnut and oak.

Immediately next to the stable is the drawing-room where the trainer and his assistants may make themselves comfortable during the progress of their train. In addition to being furnished comfortably, not to say lavishly, the room contains on its walls some very fine paintings and etchings.

On the left is a door which leads to the trainer's office, where the good man transacts his business whilst *en route*. This apartment is in marked contrast to the other, being almost severe in its business and commercial aspect.

At the extreme right end of the carriage an apartment is set aside for the reception of waggons, trunks, and such like, whilst a farrier makes up his bed here ready at hand should occasion call for his services. A portable forge accompanies him, so that an accident just prior to the race can be remedied without delay.

Great admiration has been expressed for the exterior decoration of the car, which has been accomplished with the same disregard of money as the interior. The whole of the woodwork is painted in gold and lettered in black and gold and ultramarine, whilst the National flags are draped over the entrance. Well might the race-horses for whom this car has been constructed be called "kings"; they certainly travel in a very royal way.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS OF THE CYCLIST COUNTY ROAD MAPS.

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ATHLETIC + RECORD.

Get the *Record* while you can. Last week we had to reprint three times.

SOCIETY SORCERESSES.

MAGIC and conjuring are the latest fads of Society, and many an exponent of these arts is now earning as much as £20 per week by instructing the fair devotees in mystery and deception. In fact, many music instructors are already complaining of the effect these fads have had upon their profession, a young Society lady, in many cases, deeming a knowledge of magic and legerdemain more useful in her sphere than a knowledge of music.

Certainly there can be no doubt of their present popularity, and a young lady who is acquainted with the art of deception is sure to receive far more invitations to "At Homes" and other social gatherings than her less fortunate sister.

As, of course, money in the majority of cases is of no object; the young lady provides herself with accessories of the most perfect description, and, after instruction, is able to perform some very pretty tricks.

Fortune-telling, palmistry, and phrenology are other fads that have been taken up largely of late years by Society ladies, and an adept in any one of these is pretty sure to have an ever-increasing circle of friends and acquaintances.

THE MOST VIRTUOUS AGE IN LIFE.

"THE most virtuous age," said a student of criminal statistics, "is undoubtedly the age between fifty and sixty. Statistics show that only nine persons out of every ten thousand between fifty and sixty years of age commit crime.

"There is a yet even lower percentage than this, and that is with persons over sixty years of age, but that age cannot be considered less criminal than fifty and below sixty for the reason that so many persons above the age of sixty are either in such a good position or are so infirm that crime offers no temptations or has no possibilities for them.

"It is a remarkable fact that from twenty-one years of age up, a man gradually becomes more virtuous. Between sixteen and twenty-one, men and women are at their very worst. Thirty-two persons in every ten thousand of that age are criminals, and after the age of twenty-one they get gradually more virtuous, and from this fact we can prove that crime is not so prevalent among married persons as among single. Thirty to forty is the age at which most people marry, and crime has dropped from thirty-two to twenty per ten thousand at this age—a very considerable decrease.

"I am firmly of the opinion that marriage materially improves both a man and a woman, and facts certainly tend to substantiate my theory. The most criminal age—between sixteen and twenty-one—is the age at which boys and girls are gradually freeing themselves from their parents' charge and running on their own hook, as we say.

"They have their freedom without realising their personal responsibilities, and they contract bad habits and companions. At twenty-one, they have felt their freedom and their responsibility, many of them have fallen in with someone for whose sake they, perhaps, try to run smooth. At thirty, many of them are married, and here, in my opinion, is reason for another reduction.

"At sixteen to twenty-one, crime is thirty-two per ten thousand; at twenty-one to thirty, it has fallen to twenty-four per ten thousand, the largest drop of all the scale. It drops another four points between thirty and forty. Does not this substantiate my theory that marriage morally improves a person?"

IT has been said that the average small boy never looks in the mirror to see if his face is clean after he has washed it. He looks to see if the towel is soiled.

WIFE: "Are you sure you caught this fish?"

Mr. Gayfello: "Of course."

Wife: "It smells very strong."

Mr. Gayfello: "Strong? I should say it was. It nearly pulled me overboard."

"DAUBER had a frightful nightmare the other night."

"What was it?"

"He imagined that he was rowing one of the boats he draws in his pictures of lakes and rivers."

"AN astonishingly good likeness of your late wife, Jones. But why suspend it by that great cable overhead?"

"Pure fancy, of course, Brown; but I'm dreadfully nervous, and she—er—weighed sixteen stone."

"OH, cook, have you seen my new hat! When I came in I left it accidentally in the kitchen."

"No, mum; I haven't seen it."

"I thought I laid it down at the end of the dresser."

"Bless me, mum, if I don't think that is what I took to be the vegetables for dinner, and it's boiling in the pot!"

Robert Abel, the Surrey Champion, advises readers of THE BIG BUDGET on all cricket matters, and Mr. W. S. Lincoln on all stamp matters. The B.B. comes out every Thursday.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXXXIX.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

THE story that he is now writing for *Pearson's Weekly* occurred to Max Pemberton seven years ago, and turning over the leaves of one of his note-books the other day, we came across the title in the midst of a column of hieroglyphics which on the one hand conveyed nothing to me, and on the other were to him the key to so many store-houses of love, of romance, and of adventure.

The note-books that contain the plots are only the first of a series of other note-books. With Max Pemberton you can watch a story from the egg stage to the chrysalis stage, from the chrysalis to the full blown butterfly waiting to attract the green net of the ardent publisher.

When a plot is finally decided on—it may have been passed over any number of times, but one day it asserts itself—he goes to work in the leisurely and methodical manner that is characteristic of him throughout. The characters in a story and the incidents and even the scenery have a way of developing themselves once the author sets the ball a-rolling, but Max Pemberton invariably devotes a considerable time to thinking out the scheme in every possible light before he commences to write a single word.

While he is thinking, he sits in his cosy study at the piano, which in this weather is pushed against the open window, and plays the latest comic operas to himself and smokes innumerable cigarettes. Or he spends the day in the saddle or loafing on the river, and all the while he is secretly marshalling characters before him, selecting this one and rejecting that, dressing them now in one costume and now in another, and dragging them about to all parts of the world until they finally settle of their own accord on the most suitable environments.

At last when the ideas have taken definite shape he seizes a spotless exercise-book and writes out a list of *dramatis personæ* and adds a few supplementary names that would not ill-become any supplementary characters that might, as they have a way of doing, intrude upon the story.

Following this is a more or less lengthy summary of the plot. And, following again, headings to each chapter, while last of all under each heading are set forth the chief points in the chain of development.

By nature an omniverous reader, Max Pemberton crams assiduously before commencing to write. His keen powers of observation exercised during his travels, while he is professedly giving work in every form the cold shoulder, afford a great deal of the local colour that he uses with such charming effect; while for the rest he depends on his library shelves, which are ransacked until he is thoroughly posted in the manners, customs, and characteristics of the age—always a real age, with real characteristics, real customs, and real manners—with which he is dealing.

There is with him a surpassing love of accuracy. Is he writing of a hussar of such or such a period? In that case a friend is found to make an exact sketch in colours of the soldier-type, and below is given an account of every detail in uniform, accoutrement, and nomenclature.

Very few writers in this slap-dash age take the infinity of pains that such a precaution as this implies—though I remember Linley Sambourne once told me that he draws his cartoons for PUNCH from photographs that he keeps in such enormous numbers that whatever subject turns up from an Alligator to a Hungarian Dancer he can at once lay his hand upon a model taken from the life!

Max Pemberton does not dictate his stories in the first instance. He writes them out in a neat but rather cramped hand, which obviously has no sense whatever of the horizontal, and after making elaborate corrections, dictates each chapter afresh to his secretary, embodying the final alterations and giving a last touch here and a last touch there as he goes.

His dainty and charming style is the result of the most elaborate care and a perseverance that is powerful enough to make him spend five minutes over the choice of a word and half-an-hour over the turn of a phrase.

He will write and rewrite a sentence until he is perfectly satisfied with the result, when he puts it to the crucial test of reading it aloud to himself.

"Do you know," observed Mr. Pemberton as we sat on the lawn smoking and sipping our coffee, "that I consider from one thousand to two thousand words a day a very good average output. You see, I keep it up every day. For instance, the story that I am writing for your paper is being turned out at the rate of about five thousand words a week. I never work before breakfast, and if I sat up late at night I should be fit for nothing the next day. I make a point of writing every day between breakfast and lunch, though if, as sometimes happens, I quarrel with my heroes and heroines, I never allow them to inflict themselves upon me. I wait till we make it up again. Then I work for a couple of hours or so in the evening."

"The Phantom Army"—the title of the story that Mr. Pemberton is now writing for us—suggests a story of Borderland, and of spooks armed with goodness-knows-what mysterious weapons warring against mankind. In reality, however, the novel has nothing to do with ghosts, and not a very great deal with warfare.

"The idea of the story, as you have seen," explained Mr. Pemberton, stretching his long legs luxuriously, "occurred to me some time ago and has been allowed to simmer ever since. You know most people choose at some time or other in their lives some great character which they set up as a little idol and whom they try to imitate in appearance, in mannerisms, and, as far as possible, to create the same effect upon the world. In this case the model is Napoleon, and the man who tries to become as second Buonaparte failing, as you know such ambition generally fails, in reaching the same heights, succeeds only in becoming a brigand on rather a large scale."

The extraordinary operations of this man's adherents, the rapidity with which they strike and vanish to reappear again in some distant neigbourhood, earns for them the title of the Phantom Army.

"People, I think, hardly realise," remarked Mr. Pemberton, "the power which a small body of armed men would carry with them. Imagine if they were to come together suddenly and secretly even in London, what they would undoubtedly be able to accomplish before the police and military could muster in sufficient force to check their operations."

And the truth of this occurs to one more vividly when one remembers that in the States two or three armed men will stop a train, rifle the pockets of a hundred passengers, and carry off all the treasure they can find with impunity; while even fewer will walk into a Western bank in broad daylight and demand the contents of the safes.

Max Pemberton's house is in West Hampstead—a pretty red-brick structure with a bright stretch of grass in front and a number of gaily-coloured flowers.

"Botany is one of the subjects in which I take a special interest," Mr. Pemberton tells you.

You pass through a pretty entrance hall with some quaint woodwork about, that was the work of Mr. Pemberton's brother, who also made the two bicycles you notice against the wall, and mount up stairs to the study—where the stories grow.

There is the piano against the window which overlooks the tennis lawn behind the house. A black writing-table heaped with manuscripts and magazines, which have also overflowed on to every chair and seat, occupies the centre of the room. To the left stands the typewriter and to the right a revolving bookcase, while the walls of the room are lined with low shelves containing some of the three or four thousand books that form Max Pemberton's library, and which are constantly being replenished with all the latest literature of the day, for Max Pemberton is one of the reviewers to the DAILY CHRONICLE.

Conspicuous on the walls are the framed cartoons from VANITY FAIR, one of the first papers with which he was connected.

When he left Cambridge, Max Pemberton's hopes were centred on a prospective wig and gown. But he soon discarded legal phraseology for that delightful and piquante style which has assisted him at the age of thirty-three into a conspicuous rank among writers.

The first story that Max Pemberton ever wrote was accepted for publication. On the strength of this he wrote a score of others. They were all returned. What is more, he had the strength of mind to tear them up. For quite a long time he was encouraged in his work by the methodical thud of returning manuscripts as they fell to the bottom of his letter-box.

A good many articles in the first number of ANSWERS were written by Max Pemberton at the request of his friend Alfred Harmsworth, but he was never a regular member of the house staff. A little later, however, he joined the house of Cassell and celebrated the occasion by starting the boy's paper CHUMS. He is now the editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE in its new and more lively form.

He is devoted to horses, and is an excellent oar, having been invited to row in the Cambridge Eight. Tennis and golf are also favourite forms, with him, of recreation.

He likes cricket, although he does not consider himself good at this. His biggest score was made at Westgate in a match in which Mr. Massingham of the CHRONICLE, Mr. John Burns, and three small boys invited in from the street took part. It is impossible to say what score he might not have made had not Burns proved himself such a destructive bowler.

Max Pemberton is a very amusing talker. He talks rather fast in a cheery musical voice, and one knows that he can sing an excellent comic song.

He is tall and good-looking, a merry, hard-working fellow who lives in excellent spirits and in very good friendship with all the world and with himself.

He has written all told seven novels, and the manner in which they are written reminds one rather of the Mexican with his delicate filigree work in silver than of the smith hammering out his embossed figures in the solid metal.

To compare him with many of his contemporaries is to compare the subtle power of water with that of steam. In his writings one finds great placid lakes of descriptive writing aglow with bright reflections, the babbling brooks of dialogue, the mighty ocean of action, of never ceasing movement, of adventure, of tragedy.

HE GOT THE TURNIP BACK.

AN absent-minded gentleman, who was a landlord, went one day to call on a tenant who chanced to be in great distress over the death of a valuable cow. The man garrulously detailed the circumstances of the death.

"Nothing ailed her—she just choked like."

"Ha, mum," responded the absent-minded man, thinking all the while of something else.

"She had been eating turnips," went on the tenant, "and when it was all over, and we looked in her mouth, there was a turnip sticking in her throat, whole."

"Oh, then," said the absent-minded man, rousing with a great show of lively interest, "you got your turnip after all."

DRESSING WOUNDS WITH BANK NOTES.

AN Italian soldier, who has recently returned from Abyssinia, has had a remarkable experience which, while placing him in a position of comparative wealth, was nevertheless the means of bringing him within measurable distance of punishment by court-martial.

When he returned home, it was found that he had brought with him bank-notes worth no less than 20,000 lire. As no soldier, it was believed, could ever come by such wealth honestly, he was at once arrested and sent to be tried.

His story was remarkable, so remarkable indeed that it bore the impress of truth. This was to the effect that the notes were given to him by the Abyssinians after the battle of Abba Carina, in which he was very badly wounded.

He had noticed that the natives had a large number of bank-notes, which they had stolen or "annexed" from the regimental pay-chests. They did not know what to do with them, and simply regarded them as curiosities, which indeed they no doubt were to them.

As it is a cold day when a soldier does not warm to the possibilities of the occasion, this son of Mars decided that the wealth which his eyes gloated over, and which was of no use to its possessors, had better be transferred to his pockets. Accordingly he told the natives that the bank-notes, all of which were engraved with allegorical pictures of Italy, were pictures of the Saints which had been placed there by the Pope that they might be used to cure the wounds of the faithful.

Moved with pity for the desperate hurts of the soldiers, the Abyssinians bound up the wounds of such of the injured as came their way with these notes in order that the sacred emblems might work their best and never asked for the money back when the wounds were cured.

What gave a truthful appearance to the soldier's statement was that many of the notes were blood-stained.

Blood-stained bank-notes, however, are quite as good as those that are immaculate, and therefore the soldier acquired riches through his wounds, if he did not literally "coin his blood to drachmas," and was by so much a better-off individual than a soldier who has only his ordinary pay to solace his injuries.

BAGLEY: "All of Mrs. Howe's children call her the 'mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?"

Bailey: "That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her the 'mater' because they think she has fairly earned the title."

RESULT OF FIRST "IDEA" COMPETITION.

FIRST prize of £25 awarded to F. J. Houldsworth, 5, South View, Paisley Street, Newington, Hull.

Second prize of £20 awarded to Ed. W. Strachan, West March, Monifieth, N.B.

Third prize of £15 awarded to Joseph Green, 39, Coten End, Guy Street, Warwick.

Fourth prize of £10 awarded to Mrs. M. Simms, 19, Powys Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Prizes of £1 each to F. R. Hearse, 15, Vivian Road, Roman Road, Old Ford, London, E.; S. B. Jones, 12, Aquarium Street, Rhyl; G. H. J. Hooke, 7, Norwich Street, Cambridge; J. Balfour, 1, Appuldurcombe Terrace, Wroxall, Isle of Wight; J. J. Murphy, 99, Quay, Waterford; J. D. McAra, 14, Birkbeck Road, Hornsey, N.; Miss J. Blackett, 2, Heaton Hall Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; H. Charlesworth, Queenborough, Kent; Miss Booth, c/o Mrs. Hancock, Pipworth Lane, Eckington, nr. Sheffield; D. Meuzies, 1, Park Avenue, Dundee; Miss J. Meldrum, 6, Caldrum Street, Dundee; G. S. Henderson, 32, Clayton Park Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. T. Churchill, Station House, Hayes, Kent; F. Wimiberg, 11, Pier Street, West Hoe, Plymouth; A. W. Winston, Pentyrch Village, nr. Cardiff.

Twenty prizes of 10s. each to the following: A. Wenlock, 18, Stepney Causeway, London, E.C.; C. A. Stevens, 34, Camden Road, N.W.; W. Hancocks, 199, Anglesley Street, Lozelles, Birmingham; J. L. Ferriere, 112, Earl's Court Road, S.W.; H. G. Button, c/o W. H. Smith & Son, Bookstall, Stafford Station; R. S. Armstrong, 67, Northumberland Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; H. H. Edwards, Flixton Villa, Hendham Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.; J. S. Wood, 23, Brand Street, Greenwich, S.E.; T. A. Newton, 64, Perrot Street, Winson Green, Birmingham; G. Green, 8, Prestbury Road, Aston, Birmingham; Sergt. G. White, 2nd Batt. Somersetshire Lt. Infantry, Fort Albert, Alderney, Channel Isles; Z. Heathcote, 57, Mossfield Road, Farnworth, Bolton; J. Parkinson, Junr., 3, Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham; R. T. Calverwell, Dunkeld, Ashley Road, Longfleet, Poole; F. Wooldridge, 10, Palmerston Street, Stoke; R. Tonge, 81, St. Great German Street, Farnworth, nr. Bolton; J. Springham, 275, Broad Street, Mile End, Glasgow; E. S. Shuttleworth, St. Stephen's Rectory, Grampound Road, Cornwall; W. Palmer, Chesterton Lodge, Bicester, Oxon; J. L. Thomson, 11, Viewforth Square, Edinburgh, N.B.

A cemetery devoted to the mausoleums of millionaires is certainly a novelty. Such a burying ground is described and illustrated in this week's SUNDAY READER.

NEW PICTURE PUZZLES.

No. 1.

HERE are a fresh lot of Picture Puzzles. Each of the sketches depicts some article of use to be found in every properly-appointed household, so that all you need do in solving the problems is to run over in your mind the various items that go to make up your home. Surely no competition could be simpler.

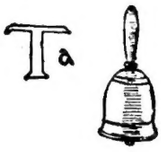
£50 will be given to the sender of the correct or most nearly correct solution, and £1 to each of the next fifty. In the event of a tie, the Editor reserves the right to divide the prize or to award it to the sender of the first solution dealt with.

Fill in the names of the articles depicted, write your name and address in the space provided, and keep the attempt until four more sheets have appeared.

No. 1.—CUPBOARD.

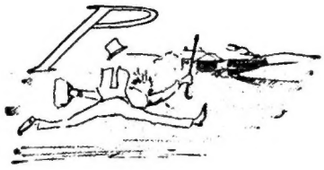
No. 2.....

No. 3.....



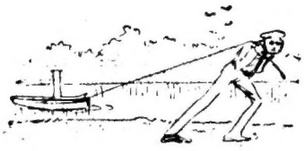
No. 4.....

No. 5.....



No. 6.....

No. 7.....



No. 8.....

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

If you cannot solve all the puzzles, ask the assistance of your friends.

A list of goods published by the various stores and big shops will help you.

Name .....

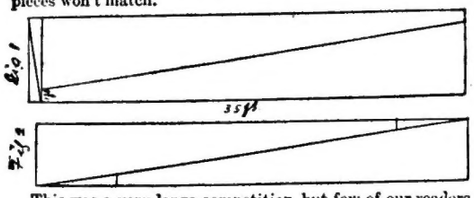
Address .....

.....

RESULT OF THE OILCLOTH COMPETITION.

THE oilcloth must be cut as in Fig. 1, into 4 pieces and fitted as in Fig. 2. This is the only way so as to *match the pieces.*

The oilcloth can be fitted by cutting into two pieces in the well-known step manner, but it will be found that the pieces won't match.



This was a very large competition, but few of our readers were successful in solving the solution quite correctly. The gold pencil-case has been won by C. E. Hunt, 6, Mylne Street E.C. Penknifes have been sent to the following:

W. Bradley, 269, Park Lane, Bradford, Yorks; C. A. Murray, 131, Gloster Road, Bishopston, Bristol; J. Glencsk, 184, Cumberland Street, Glasgow; C. W. Tovey, Cameron Arms Hotel, Swansea; A. McIntosh, 58, Springburn Road, Glasgow; W. R. Sheret, 1, Ellison Terrace, Hebburn; A. Prentice, 3, Dixon Avenue, Crosshill, Glasgow; A. Williams, 132, Oxford Road, Dukinfield, Cheshire; C. Humphreys, 89, Cumming Street, Pentonville Road, N.; A. Gordon, Brotte College, Liverpool; W. Holmes, 19, Paradise Street, Guildebridge, nr. Manchester; R. Pearce, Hooklane House, Newton, Porthcawl, Glamorgan; A. D. White, 7, Gladstone Street, St. George's Crescent, S.E.; J. Nowell, 39, Oxton Street, County Road, Walton, Liverpool; J. R. Holme, 41, Gladston Terrace, Lancaster; W. Hunt, 20, Ambrose Street, Southwark Park Road, Bermondsey; R. Read, 1, Clarence Lawn, Dover; B. Dricks, Melrose Villas, Hart Road, Dorking; F. T. Ecroyd, Church Street, Keighley; J. B. Little, Sanquhar, N.B.; J. Jones, Parc Gwyllt, Bridgend, Glam.; W. G. Johnstone, 467, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; J. Buchanan, 2, Uxbridge Terrace, Felling-on-Tyne, R.S.O.; C. Norris, 34, Crossby Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Master J. Winn, 48, Easington Lane, Hetton-le-Hole, R.S.O. Durham County; E. Smith, 10, Brewer Street, Pimlico, S.W.; E. Cooper, The Cottage, 38, Aldenham Road, Chalk Hill, Bushey, Herts.; J. Tout, 68, St. Thomas's Street, Portsmouth; J. Gerrard, 31, Lovely Lane, Warrington; F. Wilson, 73, Villa Rd, Handsworth, Birmingham; W. Jones, 42, Ossory Rd., Old Kent Road, S.E.; F. Griggs, 132, Church Road, West Brighton; G. H. Marshall, 12, Effingham Road, Hornsey, N.; R. Curwen, 176, Comely Park Street, Glasgow; J. Redwood, Camavon, nr. Pontypool, Monmouthshire; A. G. D. Bartlett, 11, Oakfield Grove, Clifton, Bristol; M. D. Leahy, 70, Southmoor Road, Oxford; G. C. Blair, 48, The Woodlands, Birkenhead; Mrs. S. E. Morgan, Park Place, Tredegar, Mon.; Mrs. E. Denman, 14, Edwin Street, Newport, Mon.; T. Cooke, Ryburgh, Norfolk; J. Hunt, 44, Byrons Lane, Macclesfield; C. Rinder, Glenda Lough, The Avenue, Fairham, Hants; C. M. Berry, 54, Jocelyn Avenue, Belfast; P. Ullyott, 1, Woodville Grove, Woodhouse Hill, Hunslet, Leeds; F. J. Rogers, 66, Burlington Street, Manchester; H. Young, 60, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; T. R. Simpinson Rugby Road, Neath, S. Wales; G. L. Sullivan, 5, Pacific Avenue, Belfast; D. Ruthven, 41, Percy Road, Upton Park, E.; A. Davis, 32, Park Street, Salisbury.

HE: "The acoustics are very bad. Don't you notice it?"

She: "No. I don't smell anything peculiar."

WATTS: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and—and——"

Potts: "And have bicycles offered to them for nothing."

NEW BOARDER: "Where's the salt-water bathing you advertised?"

Farmer: "Oh, thar's th' trough down by th' pump. an' you'll find th' salt out in th' kitchen."

LUCY: "Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?"

Mamma: "Why do you want to go over there, dear?"

Lucy: "Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook."

LON MOWER: "Why, what's the matter with your hand, Lott?"

Howson Lott: "Oh! I was at our church bazaar last night, and wore the skin off my hand putting it in my pocket so often."

EXCITED CITIZEN: "My wife was killed in that accident on your railway, and I want £2,000 damages."

Railway Manager: "A human life is only valued at £1,000."

Excited Citizen: "That's all right, but she had on her new bonnet."

BINKS: "My dear boy, how did you manage to cut your face like that?"

Jinks: "Well, you see, I can't stand a barber's chatter, so I hired a dumb one to come and shave me every morning."

Binks: "And he didn't know how to shave, eh?"

Jinks: "Oh, yes; he could shave all right, but he persisted in talking to me on his fingers all the while."

"Pearson's Weekly" Railway Insurance.

457 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET. Specially Guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET *Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Issued under Section 34 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which, with the giving of notice as before stated, is the essence of this contract. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature _____

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagents' receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, July 30th, 1897, until Midnight Saturday, August 7th, 1897. (See column 2, page 61.)

Shilling Novels for less than a penny! THE BIG BUDGET—three papers for a penny—gives away a complete romance every Thursday.

THE INVISIBLE MAN.*

A GROTESQUE ROMANCE.

BY H. G. WELLS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

MR. HEELAS, Mr. Kemp's nearest neighbour among the villa holders, was asleep in his summerhouse when the siege of Kemp's house began. Mr. Heelas was one of the sturdy majority who refused to believe in "all this noise" about an Invisible Man. His wife, however, as he was subsequently to be reminded, did. He insisted upon walking about his garden just as if nothing were the matter, and he went to sleep in the afternoon, in accordance with the custom of years. He slept through the smashing of the windows, and then woke up suddenly, with a curious persuasion of something wrong. He looked across at Kemp's house; rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Then he put his feet to the ground, and sat listening. The house looked as though it had been deserted for weeks—after a violent riot. Every window was broken, and every window, save those of the belvedere study, was blinded by internal shutters.

"I could have sworn it was all right"—he looked at his watch—"twenty minutes ago."

He became aware of a measured concussion, and the clash of glass far away in the distance. And then, as he sat open-mouthed, came a still more wonderful thing. The shutters of the drawing-room window were flung open violently, and the housemaid, in her outdoor hat and garments, appeared struggling in a frantic manner to throw up the sash.

Suddenly a man appeared beside her, helping her—Dr. Kemp! In another moment the window was open, and the housemaid was struggling out! She pitched forward and vanished among the shrubs. Mr. Heelas stood up, exclaiming vaguely and vehemently at all these wonderful things.

He saw Kemp stand on the sill, spring from the window, and reappear almost instantaneously running along a lath in the shrubbery and stooping as he ran, like a man who evades observation. He vanished behind a laburnum, and appeared again clambering a fence that abutted on the open down. In a second he had tumbled over, and was running at a tremendous pace down the slope towards Mr. Heelas.

"Lord!" cried Mr. Heelas, struck with an idea, "it's that Invisible Man brute! It's all right, after all!"

With Mr. Heelas to think things like that was to act, and his cook watching him from the top window was amazed to see him come pelting towards the house at a good nine miles an hour. There was a slamming of doors, a ringing of bells, and the voice of Mr. Heelas bellowing like a bull:

"Shut the doors, shut the windows, shut everything—the Invisible Man is coming!" Instantly the house was full of screams and directions, and scurrying feet. He ran himself to shut the French windows that opened on the verandah, and as he did so Kemp's head and shoulders and knee appeared over the edge of the garden fence. In another moment Kemp had ploughed through the asparagus, and was running across the tennis lawn to the house.

"You can't come in," said Mr. Heelas, shutting the bolts. "I'm very sorry if he's after you—but you can't come in!"

Kemp appeared with a face of terror close to the glass, rapping and then shaking frantically at the French window. Then, seeing his efforts were useless, he ran along the verandah, vaulted the end, and went to hammer at the side door.

Then he ran round by the side gate to the front of the house, and so into the hill road. And Mr. Heelas staring from his window—a face of horror—had scarcely witnessed Kemp vanish, ere the asparagus was being trampled this way and that by feet unseen. At that Mr. Heelas fled precipitately upstairs, and the rest of the chase is beyond his purview. But, as he passed the staircase window, he heard the side gate slam.

Emerging into the hill road, Kemp naturally took the downward direction, and so it was he came to run in his own person the very race he had watched with such a critical eye from the belvedere study only four days ago. He ran it well for a man out of training, and though his face was white and wet, his wits were cool to the last. He ran with wide strides, and wherever a patch of rough ground intervened, wherever there came a patch of raw flints, or a bit of broken glass shone dazzling, he crossed it and left the bare invisible feet that followed to take what line they would.

For the first time in his life Kemp discovered that the hill road was indescribably vast and desolate, and that the beginnings of the town far below at the hill foot were strangely remote. Never had there been a slower or more painful method of progression than running. All the gaunt villas, sleeping in the afternoon sun, looked locked and barred; no doubt they were locked and barred by his own orders. But at any rate they might have kept a look-out for an eventuality like this! The town was rising up now, the sea had dropped out of sight behind it, and people below were stirring. A tram was just arriving at the hill foot. Beyond that was the police station. Was that footsteps he heard behind him? Spurt.

The people below were staring at him, one or two were running, and his breath was beginning to saw in his throat. The tram was quite near now, and the "Jolly Cricketers" was noisily barring its doors. Beyond the tram were posts and heaps of gravel—the drainage works. He had a transitory idea of jumping into the tram and slamming the doors, and then he resolved to go for the police station. In another moment he had passed the door of the "Jolly Cricketers," and was in the blistering fag end of the street, with human beings about him. The tram driver and his helper—assisted by the sight of his furious haste—stood staring with the tram-horses unhitched. Further on the astonished features of navvies appeared above the mounds of gravel.

His pace broke a little, and then he heard the swift pad of his pursuer, and leapt forward again. "The Invisible Man," he cried to the navvies, with a vague indicative gesture, and by an inspiration leapt the excavation, and placed a burly group between him and the chase. Then abandoning the idea of the police station, he turned into a little side street, rushed by a greengrocer's cart, hesitated for the tenth of a second at the door of a sweetstuff shop, and then made for the mouth of an alley that ran back into the main Hill Street again. Two or three little children were playing here, and shrieked and scattered running at his apparition, and forthwith doors and windows opened, and excited mothers revealed their heads. Out he shot into Hill Street again, three hundred yards from the tram-line end, and immediately he became aware of a tumultuous vociferation and running people.

He glanced up the street towards the hill. Hardly a dozen yards off ran a huge navvy, cursing in fragments and slashing viciously with a spade, and hard behind him came the tram conductor with his fists clenched. Up the street others followed these two, striking and shouting. Down towards the town, men and women were running, and he noticed clearly one man coming out of a shop door with a stick in his hand. "Spread out! Spread out!" cried someone. Kemp suddenly grasped the altered condition of the chase. He stopped, and looked round, panting. "He's close here!" he cried. "Form a line across——"

He was hit hard under the ear, and went reeling, trying to face round towards his unseen antagonist. He just managed to keep his feet, and he struck a vain counter in the air. Then he was hit again under the jaw, and sprawled headlong on the ground. In another moment a knee compressed his diaphragm, and a couple of eager hands gripped his throat, but the grip of one was weaker than the other; he grasped the wrists, heard a cry of pain from his assailant, and then the spade of the navvy came whirling through the air above him, and struck something with a dull thud. He felt a drop of moisture on his face. The grip at his throat suddenly relaxed, and with a convulsive effort, Kemp loosed himself, grasped a limp shoulder, and rolled uppermost. He gripped the unseen elbows near the ground. "I've got him!" screamed Kemp. "Help. Help—hold. He's down! Hold his feet."

In another second there was a simultaneous rush upon the struggle, and a stranger coming into the road suddenly might have thought an exceptionally savage game of Rugby football was in progress. And there was no shouting after Kemp's cry—only a sound of blows and feet and a heavy breathing.

Then came a mighty effort, and the Invisible Man staggered to his feet. Kemp clung to him in front like a hound to a stag, and a dozen hands clutched and tore at the unseen. The tram conductor got the neck, and lugged him back.

Down went the heap of struggling men again. There was, I am afraid, some savage kicking. Then suddenly a wild scream of "Mercy, mercy!" that died down swiftly to a sound like choking.

"Get back, you fools!" cried the muffled voice of Kemp, and there was a vigorous shoving back of stalwart forms. "He's hurt, I tell you. Stand back."

There was a brief struggle to clear a space, and then the circle of eager faces saw the Doctor kneeling as it seemed fifteen inches in the air, and holding invisible arms to the ground. Behind him a constable gripped invisible ankles.

"Don't you leave go of en," cried the big navvy, holding a bloodstained spade, "he's shamming."

"He's not shamming," said the Doctor, cautiously raising his knee, "and I'll hold him." His face was bruised, and already going red; he spoke thickly, because of a bleeding lip. He released one hand, and seemed to be feeling at the face. "The mouth's all wet," he said. And then, "Good Lord!"

He stood up abruptly, and then knelt down on the ground by the side of the thing unseen. There was a pushing and shuffling, a sound of heavy feet as fresh people arrived to increase the pressure of the crowd. People now were coming out of the houses. The doors of the "Jolly Cricketers" were suddenly wide open. Very little was said. Kemp felt about, his hand seeming to pass through empty air. "He's not breathing," he said, and then, "I can't feel his heart. His side—ugh!"

Suddenly an old woman, pushing under the arm of the big navvy, screamed sharply. "Looky there!" she said, and thrust out a wrinkled finger. And looking where she pointed, every one saw, faint and transparent, as though it was made of glass, so that veins and arteries, and bones and nerves could be distinguished, the outline of a hand, a hand limp and prone. It grew clouded and opaque even as they stared.

And so, slowly, beginning at his hands and feet, and creeping slowly along his limbs to the vital centres of his body, that strange change continued. It was like the slow spreading of a poison. First came the little white veins, a hazy grey sketch of a limb, then the glassy bones and intricate arteries, then the flesh and skin, first a faint fogginess and then growing rapidly dense and opaque. Presently they could see his crushed chest and his shoulders, and the dim outline of his drawn and battered features.

When at last the crowd made way for Kemp to stand erect, there lay, naked and pitiful on the ground, the bruised and broken body of a young man about thirty. His hair and brow were white—not grey with age, but white with the whiteness of albinism—and his eyes were like garnets. His hands were clenched, his eyes wide open, and his expression was one of anger and dismay. The people shivered at the sight of him.

Someone brought a sheet from the "Jolly Cricketers," and having covered him, they carried him into that house. And there on a shabby bed in a tawdry, ill-lighted bedroom, ended the career of the Invisible Man, ended the strangest and most wonderful experiment that man has ever made.

THE END.

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YOU MAY SEE THEM ON BANK HOLIDAY.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD makes great use of the phonograph in composing her stories.

THE Duke of Westminster has more children than has any other member of the British peerage. He has been twice married.

THE Rev. S. Baring-Gould writes at a high desk, in a standing position, with a quill pen. To this habit he attributes the fact that his long years of literary labour have not produced in his strong, wiry form the slightest stoop.

THE Prince of Wales has all his gloves—and he uses many hundred pairs a year—made by a house in Brussels, where the models of his right and left hand are preserved in the same manner as a bootmaker preserves the lasts of the feet of his client.

SIR ROBERT BALL, the Royal Astronomer, is devoted to children, and he is very proud of the fact that his little volume, "Starland," in which are recorded his "Christmas Talks about the Stars with the Juveniles at the Royal Institution of Great Britain," has circulated more widely than any other of his works.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK is one of the most many-sided men in London society. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he has been in his day a professor of law, a member of the Royal Labour Commission, a writer on every kind of legal subject, and the author of an admirable chapter on the early history of mountaineering in the Badminton volume. Like his brother, Mr. Walter Pollock, formerly editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, he is devoted to fencing, and when a young man he was one of the most daring members of the Alpine Club, to which society he was at one time hon. librarian.

THE present Baron Tennyson is about as unlike his distinguished father as one man could be to another, and yet the great poet and his heir were always on the most affectionate terms; indeed, Hallam Tennyson, as he then was, was almost daughterly in his care of the old man, and whenever the Laureate came to town he was always accompanied by his son. The present Lord Tennyson is forty-five years of age this August. Since his father's death he has developed into a regular country gentleman. He is squire of Freshwater, Roundhurst, and Caistor, and he is rarely seen in London, his time being entirely spent between Farringford, his beautiful home in the Isle of Wight, and Aldworth, in Surrey. His great hobbies are golfing and yachting, and he has a magnificent collection of British fossils.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, to give the popular scientist and lecturer his new title—and let it be remarked in parenthesis that his title never has been Professor—is about the last man in the world who would be associated, from a popular point of view, with the idea of being a scientist. There is no suggestion of being involved in a world of speculation or of anything approaching preoccupation in his remarkably alert and very-much-to-the-point expression of bearing. It was he who discovered the peculiar property of light which is demonstrated by the radiometer which bears his name, that curious instrument of glass with four vanes, which keep up a continuous revolution during sunlight. It was he, too, who practically paved the way for the discovery of the Röntgen rays, for he came very near discovering them himself.

MR. A. P. WATT can claim to hold a unique position in the world of letters. There is certainly no man in Great Britain with such a wide knowledge of publishers and authors, for he occupies the delicate and responsible position of literary agent to most of the great writers of the day, while among his most treasured possessions are portraits of several of his late clients, including Lord Lytton, Mr. James Rice, Wilkie Collins—who desired that Mr. Watt might be his literary executor—and many more notable writers. Mr. Watt, who now has his own son as partner in his interesting business, has syndicated and arranged for the publication of numberless famous books, including most of those written by Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Conan Doyle. Mr. Watt is the first agent with whom THE TIMES ever did any business, for it was through him that the famous Kipling letters were syndicated.

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, the millionaire proprietor of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, will be fifty next year. He only inherited his huge fortune seven years ago. The following year he came and settled in Great Britain, and in the October of 1893 he purchased the PALL MALL GAZETTE and BUDGET, shortly after starting the PALL MALL MAGAZINE. Mr. Astor has made his way rapidly in London Society. He has become an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and invitations to the splendid town house, and to Clivedon, a country-seat bought by him from the Duke of Westminster, are eagerly sought after. As may be easily imagined, Mr. Astor's great hobby is literature. He often contributes historical articles to his various publications, and he is credited with taking an active share in the management of the magazine. His eldest son, who is being educated at Eton, will be in time the richest man in the world, for Mr. Astor does not spend half his income.

We shall shortly publish "The Invisible Man" in book form. Price 3s. 6d.

Grand New Serial Story.

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

By MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "THE IRON PIRATE," "THE IMPREGNABLE CITY," "CHRISTINE OF THE HILLS," etc., etc.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

A WOMAN STANDING IN THE STREET.

A STREET of Bayswater—an interminable street; the hour, two o'clock of the morning; the month, June; the year, 1893. And in the silence of this street, a woman crying for help.

There had been a lull of the breeze when first I heard the cry, but now the gust came again to blow my cape about my ears, and to send me cringing to the doorstep of a house for shelter. For a moment the gas-lamps went black before the blast; leaves and paper were whirled almost to the upper windows of the houses; a hurricane raged, and the woman's voice was lost in it. But at the ebb of the wind I heard the cry for the second time, and, in the same instant saw the woman standing at the open door of a house upon the opposite side of the way. It was plain to me at the first that she was greatly agitated, and in deep distress, for she turned often to look, now up and down the street, now into the dark hall behind her. Once, indeed, she raised her voice to a high pitch, crying: "Help, help," but immediately upon this she returned to the hall, and when I crossed over to the house the door was already shut and all was silence.

The average man returning from a dance at two o'clock of a summer's morning does not look to be brought face to face with a tragedy by the way. For myself, who could make no claim to the unexpecting mind of the average man—as you shall learn presently—I had long given up hope that so much as one adventure worth recording is to be encountered in this prosaic London of ours. Births, marriages, and deaths, the wrangles of the pot-house, the scandals of the palaces—these can London give in abundance.

But beyond them, what a life of repetitions it is—the same vulgar tragedies and comedies, the same weary players, the same dust-begrimed scenes. Until that morning of June, now four years ago, I had never recorded in all my years one moment when I could honestly say, here is a happening of which the bookmen love to write. Yet had I known it, that woman's cry, coming to me out of the silence of the woe-begone street, was a call from the house of my destiny; a call which should send me forth from my own country to hear and see the terrible things of which I now would write—a call from God, it may be, to a man at fortune's ebb, to him who had been ready but yesterday to cry: "I have lived my life."

I crossed over to the house, I say, and stood wondering before it. In outward shape as the other dwellings about, a Georgian monument to artistic imbecility; it was unlighted, as its fellows; silent as they were silent, gaunt as they were gaunt, a tower of ugliness to harbour the willing sleepers who lived in the mournful street. Save for a faint glow of light shining upon the ceiling of the hall—as you could observe through the skylight of the front door—there was no indication whatever that man or woman moved in that abode of gloom. Yet I had seen a woman come out of it; had heard her cry for help; had watched her look up and down the street as though seeking a friend and ally of the night. And even as she stood, a woman of majestic height, and, I felt instinctively, a young woman, I knew that London at last had put a mystery in my path.

Long I listened for any sound from the house—a moan of the wind alone answered me. I looked down the terrible street; its pavements glistened still with the rain of the earlier hours, but no living being trod them. Curiosity rooted me to the spot. I had the impulse to knock at the door, and to ask the woman if I could be of service to her.

It may be, but for the moment's delay, that I should not have brought my courage to that point; that I should have lighted another cigar, and gone at length to my own house with curiosity still high strung. Those are questions I need not answer, for I had been standing but a couple of minutes when the door was opened for the second time, and the woman ran out almost into my arms.

She wore a dress of grey silk with red at the shoulders—a gown that had the stamp of Paris and not of Bayswater upon it. Jewels glittered upon her pretty white neck, and a tiara of diamonds flashed in the curls of her jet-black hair. My surmise as to her height was confirmed when I found that she stood well above my shoulder—the shoulder of Noel Falconer, whom brother officers in the Hussars used to call "length without breadth." But of her face I could see nothing, for little white hands covered it, and checked the sobs which shook her. That her distress was genuine I had no manner of doubt. Yet how she came there, dressed like that, at such an hour of morning I knew no more than the dead.

"Madame," I said, stepping out of the shadows suddenly, "you seem to be in some trouble——"

She did not notice me upon the instant; but I heard her say again and again in French which had the charm of a Southern accent:

"Oh, what shall I do! they have killed him."

I touched her upon the arm, for there was that in her voice which won my pity.

"Madame," I said, "you are ill, and have no business to be standing here. Even I am cold, and I wear a thick coat——"

She looked up at the words, and observed me for the first time. A more stately or noble creature I had never seen in all my life. And her voice did not lie to me. The warm light of youth shone in her brilliant eyes—was painted upon her pretty lips and flushing face. I thought then that she was an Austrian, for nowhere out of Vienna had I come upon one who stood so well for all the dignity and grace of womanhood. In this I was wrong, as you shall see; but I did not know that I was wrong until days had passed, and I had seen strange cities and strange men.

"Let me implore you to return to your house," I continued, while she stood shivering and watching me with curious eyes. "If I can be of any service there, do not hesitate to ask me. My name is Noel Falconer, and I was an officer of the 10th Hussars three months ago. You are a stranger, I see, but you will find my arm stronger than my French, if you have need of it."

Not until this moment, I am sure, did she awake to the fact that she stood in the street without cloak or hat, and that a stranger talked with her. But now, swiftly, my words recalled her to the truth, and she turned to me imploringly.

"Monsieur," she said in a low and gentle voice, "a very great crime has been committed in that house tonight. I have no right to ask you, but will you go in with me? There is one dead there, and I cannot go alone."

I stepped back a pace and looked at her. For an instant, I thought that she was jesting with me, but the heaving bosom, the tears still upon her cheek, the quivering mouth forbade such a thought.

"Madame," I exclaimed, "you may count upon me in all things. I am ready to come with you now. Perhaps you would not wish others to know of this?"

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, a spasm as of fear passing over her troubled face. "I do not wish that. They must know nothing; you will not tell them—you are a gentleman and will not speak of these things."

I protested that her secret should be well kept, and was reiterating the promise when a footstep echoing in the distance cut short my words. She heard it, too, and taking my hand timidly and with the air of one who feared to go alone, she drew me into the hall of the house and closed the door softly behind us. I have been in many a situation of peril in my adventurous life; but never, I think, did such a sense of hidden danger take possession of me as at that moment when the street door of the unknown woman's house closed upon us and we were face to face Heaven knew with what tragedy or terrible deed of the night.

The silence, the hour, the suggestion of some mystery, the strange manner of the woman's appearance in the street, the words I had heard from her lips, and had regarded until this time as the ravings of hysteria—all these were at war with nerves shaken by long months of misfortune and of trouble. I shuddered to remember that she had spoken of a dead man being in the house. An overwrought and weary brain so played with me that if a hand had been stretched out from the darkness of the hall to touch me, I believe I had cried out as a child in the terror of a dream.

These things I recall now with some little shame. Courage is much a matter of circumstance, and circumstance has been so strange a friend to me that I disguise nothing of my first meeting with one who changed the course of my life at an hour when life seemed to have no other gift for me. And it was odd, I vow, that within ten minutes of my first meeting with Isabella de Gavarnie we should have come together to the hall of a house in Bayswater, hand in hand, as children upon a quest, the man, it may be, more terrified than the woman, yet both in their hearts fearing that the darkness was the shield of some momentous mystery from which the light would send them trembling presently.

It was a large hall, wide and lofty, and giving upon a staircase of finer proportions than I had looked for in such a house. A glimmer of gas upon the landing showed me many pictures in heavy frames, and a star of swords which caught the feeble rays, and cast them back in points of fire. But the hall itself was in darkness, and such grey light of a summer's night as the street vouchsafed was here lost to us.

I could scarce see the face of the woman—could distinguish nothing of my surroundings, though the soft carpet beneath my feet spoke of luxury and of wealth. In all that great house no sound, save the ticking of a clock, and the deep breathing of my companion, whose hot hand touched my own, was to be heard. If a tragedy had been played, assuredly the actors now rested. Yet where should we look for them—where lay the body of him she had spoken of? So scared was I that the thought of stumbling upon the dead man in the darkness of the hall froze my very heart.

"Do you wish me to enter one of these rooms with you?" I asked in a deep whisper, while the woman stood fear-stricken and irresolute. "Was it here that it happened?"

"Yes, yes, here," she answered quickly, dragging me of a sudden towards a door upon my left hand. "I returned from South Audley Street at half-past one and heard them quarrelling—my brother and his friend. It happened then. Oh, God help me, what shall I do?"

My hand was upon the knob when she spoke. I felt her instinctive gesture which would have dragged me back from the place as from the scene of dreadful sights. But at the mention of a quarrel—a human thing at the worst—I took heart and began to remember that they had called me the strongest man in my regiment. After all, if there were but one other in the house, I could very well take the risk of a meeting with him. Yet I would have given much to have had a revolver in my hand; and when I threw open the door of the room and saw that it was in darkness, my courage went trickling away like water from a cracked jar.

"Madame," I said, standing suddenly and facing her, "how many are in this house with you?"

She listened a moment before answering, as though some sounds would give her words.

"Except my servants, there are none," she whispered presently. "I cannot—I dare not speak to them. And I have no right to ask you——"

"You have a woman's right, which is the best right," I said, feeling in my pocket for a match. "If you will remain here a moment I will see what this room has to tell us."

"You must not go alone," she protested, but I loosed her hand and left her standing, a pitiful figure of fear and distress, in the gloomy light of the alcove. The wan and feeble rays of the wax match aggravated the darkness of the great room into which I now stepped. For an instant I caught sight of my own face, white and hollow-eyed, in a mirror above a buffet, and that gave me such a start that I dropped the match and was in darkness again.

"What is it, what do you see?" she asked from her place at the door.

"I see my own face," said I, with the poorest attempt possible to conceal from her my dread of the room and of that which I believed it to contain.

"You have another match?" she exclaimed in a whisper which betrayed her impatience.

"I have a boxful," said I, and with that I struck a light for the second time, and held it up that I might discover the chandelier; but there was a draught as from an open window in the place, and my second match dropped reddening upon the carpet, leaving me with a momentary vision of a table set for supper and of glasses overturned upon it. I know not what mad instinct set me thinking it, but as my fingers fumbled for yet another light, I had the thought that the body of the dead man might be at my very feet. And at that my hand was clumsy as the fingers of one bitten by the cold; nor could the woman's distress quicken me or make me forget the horrid thought.

"Oh!" she repeated, "what is it? What do you see? Why do not you light the gas?"

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I suppressed a word of impatience, and at the third attempt obtained a flaming match. The chandelier now showed itself hanging low over the table, and I picked my way to it, thinking that every step might bring me to the body. Not until five burners were lighted and a brilliant aureola cut a circle of radiance from the shadows did I breathe a full breath in that place of mystery.

The room was a large one, furnished in the Chippendale style. The pictures, as well as I could see them beyond the aureola, were of the Spanish school. There was a heavy mirror in a black oak frame above the fireplace; a second mirror hung above the buffet. Two chairs, I observed, had been drawn to the table, but one of them was overturned. A stain of red wine had run over the white cloth and dropped upon the chair beneath. A candle in a silver stick was broken in half as though by a blow. Trivial as these omens were, they confirmed the woman's story strikingly. It was plain that there had been a brawl in the room, but what of the brawlers? Certainly, in that space which the circle of light covered, there was no sign of life or of the end of life. But beyond, in the shadows? I passed swiftly round the room, warmed to courage by the friendly gas. The matches no longer fell from clumsy fingers. There was no nook nor cranny into which I did not peer.

"Madame," I said at last, and it was a word of vast relief, "you may come in, there is no one here."

She entered with noiseless steps, and the light falling upon the superb jewels in her hair and about her neck gave a changing radiance of fire to them, so that her lightest movement was a glitter anew of sparkling gems. When she stood at my side and searched the room with her dark eyes, now aflame with curiosity, she seemed to me to be some queen of the East come masquerading to this suburb of London; yet from what city, or upon what errand I could not so much as surmise. Nevertheless, I was sure of two things at the start of it—she was an aristocrat, and her jewels were the finest I had ever seen on woman.

"There is no one here," I repeated, resisting the temptation to stare at her, "I have looked everywhere, and am sure of it."

She drew a deep breath, and appeared to be thinking. Presently she turned to the buffet, and her quick eyes detected that which I had not seen there. It was a handkerchief stained with blood. She held it for a moment in her shapely hand, which quivered as a leaf that is to fall.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, while all the colour rushed from her face, "what has happened, where are they—why do I suffer like this?"

I thought that she would have swooned and put my arm about her, but she drew back from me and turned again toward the hall.

"Monsieur," she said in a quick and nervous tone which betrayed an agony of doubt, "will you search the other rooms with me? I do not know what it is—I cannot tell you—but this house has a great secret to give up to us, and I am alone. Oh, I have no right to ask you, no right to claim your kindness!"

She stood expectant, an exquisite figure in the circle of the light. Mystified as I was, afraid of the dreadful secret of that house, I yet could say to myself that here was a woman whom I would follow to the world's end.

"Madame," I said, "there is no question of right—I shall not soon forget the privilege."

"Nor I the service," she answered, but with such meaning in her tone that I stopped an instant in my walk, and our eyes met. Ever afterwards the thought has been with me that Isabella de Gavarnie became my friend in that moment.

"Shall we begin on this floor?" I asked, as we stood once more in the darkness of the hall.

"If you please," she said quietly, and with that I struck another match and threw open the door of a room upon my right hand, a library, as I could see, but empty as the other room. The drawn blinds showed a glimmer of the morning light without; paper and pens littered upon a bureau spoke of the occupations of the dead day; a book lay upon a little table, and an empty coffee cup stood beside it. But this was a room of repose. A child could have seen that there had been no brawl there.

"We waste our time here," I said, shutting the door of the library behind me. "Have you any reason to believe that your friends are still in the house?"

She held up the bloodstained handkerchief which she had carried from the dining-room with her.

"I know that they are here—one of them," she exclaimed impatiently; "yet if you wish to go, monsieur——"

"I wish to go where you tell me," I answered.

"Then we will look in the drawing-room."

It was dark upon the staircase, but a great stained-glass window shimmered at the first touch of day, and the gas jet, which we turned up as we ascended, shone white and feeble before the light of dawn. The woman had not waited while I fumbled with the gas, and stood already upon the second landing when I was ready to follow her. I hastened up the remaining stairs, fearing for her to go alone; but three steps still lay between us, when she uttered a cry of distress, and I saw her drop upon one knee, and cover her eyes, as though to shut from them the secret which was a secret no more. And then I knew that the whole of her story was true, for a man lay full length upon the floor, and whether he were alive or dead I had yet to learn.

He was a young man, short in stature as I imagined, and wearing the pointed beard beloved of the old Spanish painters. I noticed that he wore a great white bow in the place of our narrow English neckties; but his dress clothes seemed to be very new, and his embroidered shirt front was scarcely ruffled. That he had been struck down in that place was my first thought, so that I feared to move him lest some gaping wound should show itself to the woman. But when I bent down and felt the young man's wrist, warm and pulsing with an even beat of the heart, I knew that I was mistaken. He lived; what was more, and this was the surpassing mystery, he breathed like a hale man.

"Monsieur," said the woman, ignoring my astonishment, "will you carry him to my boudoir—oh, I thank Heaven that it is no worse; he is only sleeping."

It was not a moment for argument, but as I lifted the unknown in my arms, two unanswerable questions flashed upon my mind—the first, how came it that this man lay in sleep in such a place; the second, what instinct guided the woman so that she knew he was sleeping. Just as I had feared the secret of the house when it was not discovered, so did this discovery of it seem to me the greatest wonder I had heard or read of. I began to have a dread of the house which nothing could shake off. Who were these people? I asked myself. Whence came their riches, what was the meaning of the work of that night, and where was that other of whom she had made mention? God knows, the situation perplexed me—the unbroken silence was as a harbinger of death. I could feel the sweat rolling down my face when I carried the sleeping man to the boudoir she had named and there laid him upon a sofa. But the mistress of the house was herself again. Fear had fallen from her like a cloak. Her new manner was imperious, almost commanding.

"Monsieur," she said, "I thank you from my heart. My brother only sleeps, as you see. He is subject to these attacks. They leave him weak and ill, but we can do nothing for him while they last. I shall watch with him until he wakes."

She stood at the door hesitating as though she had the wish that I would leave her. But my astonishment at her desire and at the spectacle of the man, lying as in a trance upon her sofa, kept me rooted to the spot. I was about to mutter some question, some desire for a further word upon it, when I heard a door shut very softly in the hall below, and so unexpected was the sound that I drew back as though a hand had touched me.

"Madame," I whispered, "there are others in the house."

"Oh, go—go!" she cried with an agitation she could not control. "Go, I beseech you, and leave me alone."

I bowed to her and left the room. When I turned the corner of the first landing, I could see her majestic figure outstanding in the morning light. I thought that I looked upon it for the last time. I did not know—— But that is my story.

There was sunshine in the hall; but I passed through it swiftly, fearing, with a child's fear, that some unseen hand would be outstretched to touch me as I walked. Not until the street door had closed behind me, and the sweet air of a June morning breathed upon my face, did dread of that house of mystery leave me. But in the street I stood to gaze at its lightless windows, and to ask myself if, indeed, I had witnessed the things of that night, or had dreamt them upon my way. Outwardly it was as other houses—black and bare, with drawn blinds and gloomy portals—but within, what story could it tell? God and one knew, I said, and so turned towards my home.

At the corner of the detestable street I drank a cup of coffee from a stall. The man who served me remarked that my hand trembled. I did not answer him, but the wind of morning told me that sweat was still running down my face.

CHAPTER II.

DANS UN GRENIER.

ON the seventh day after my meeting with the woman in the interminable street of Bayswater, I sat in my garret in the Marylebone Road and heard my man Benjamin sighing upon the stairs as he came up to me. I knew then that his tidings were good; for never was that best of men known to sigh when the news was ill. Moreover, he entered the room boldly, forgetting to remove his hat until he had advanced some paces toward me.

"Well," I said, "you have been?"

He sidled towards me like a crab, for thus was his habit acquired in many years of faithful service at my table. There was no door in London, open but the half of a foot though it might have been, through which Benjamin could not slip when the need was.

"Yes, sir," he said, coming quite close to my chair, "I have been."

"And have learnt something new?"

He fingered the brim of his hat nervously. I think that he was always frightened of me. Yet, let me bear witness, no man ever had a better friend.

"If you please," he said, answering my question with hesitation, "the housemaid at number ninety-two——"

"Benjamin," I exclaimed severely, "let me hope that I have brought you up in the way you should go. At your age one does not speak of the housemaid at number ninety-two."

He giggled just for all the world like an old woman.

"Oh, sir—oh, indeed—well, to be sure—that you should think it."

"Benjamin," I said, "go on with your story, and then I will tell you what I think."

He became serious directly, screwing his neck out of his collar, and sighing with that sigh which had become a part of my monotonous life.

"They told me at ninety-two that her name's Gavarnie, and she's a foreigner," he said quickly. "Very quiet and respectable party, and keeps company, sir. A widder lady may be—may be not. Backyard's full of champagne cases, and there isn't no washing hung out. She's not much there, but she lives alone and plays the piano. When anyone stays in the house, it's a Spanish gentleman—a Count they think he is, but they don't know for certain. All the bills are paid every week, sir. Two pound fourteen for fruit last week, which is considerable, you'll admit. Three servants is kept, and two are women. There is nothing else, sir."

"Benjamin," I said, "you ought to be at Scotland Yard."

He laughed again, still nervously.

"The kitchen's my newspaper," he explained, "and I don't want no better. You are dining out, sir?"

"Of course—but I shall breakfast here to-morrow."

The old man looked at me in his quick, nervous way. I believe he would have given a sovereign to have known why I sent him to that gloomy street of Bayswater.

"That's all, Benjamin," I exclaimed.

He shuffled from the room sighing. The burden of my poverty was heavy but he shared it uncomplainingly.

"Where you go, I go," he had said when misfortune overtook us, "to the world's end, if it is to be, sir."

He meant his words, though, God knows, I might as well, at that time, have talked of carrying him to the moon as to the world's end. When a solemn person at the Bankruptcy Court pronounces your "public examination" finished, and gives you certain good warning against rash and hazardous expenditure, it is not in my experience that he adds to that advice a sum sufficient to ensure the payment of your coming butcher's bill. For myself, after I was declared a bankrupt, and all that I had went to the Jews, and they took the very rings from my fingers, and sent me out to this exile of a two-pair back in the Marylebone Road, Benjamin alone was left to me. I could not raise money on him and so he stayed. Possibly, if it had been otherwise he would have gone. They used to say in the "Tenth" that I would play for my own right hand. I believe they were right.

Benjamin left the room on this afternoon of which I am writing and I walked to my window, thinking again of that strange night, now a week gone, when the monotony of my life had been broken for an instant by the apparition of the woman and the strange things I had seen in her house.

Not for an hour, I believe, did the strange mystery of that day cease to shape stories for me, or to set me racking my brains for anything that would throw light upon the house or upon its people. "A foreigner," said the gossips of the street. "A rich woman living alone." She paid her bills—oh, wonderful testimony to the perfect neighbour! She went out much. There were empty champagne bottles in her garden! I laughed to myself, remembering the news old Benjamin had gathered. The sweet face of the woman had looked on me often since that night; I had stood with her again in the house of my sleep.

What freak of destiny, I asked, permitted me to pass by when those who were her guests had driven her to the streets? Would the same destiny lead me to her house again? Was the instinct which kept dinning it in my ears that this woman had become my friend a true premonition or the mere fancy of the dreamer? These thoughts and questions were my companions day and night.

The tidings which old Benjamin carried neither added to the number of them nor gave me answer. I was like a child which had looked upon some stage picture for an instant and then had been hurried from the theatre. The play pursued me relentlessly, even to my bed.

There is not a great deal of that which the French papers call "*le highlife*" to be seen from the upper windows of a house in the Marylebone Road, unless the "high life" in question be a matter of altitude. For a little while on that seventh day, I stood watching the endless procession of railway vans and lumbering waggons. Then, weary of the prospect, and remembering that for Benjamin's sake I must sooner or later go out and pretend to dine, I put on my hat and descended the well-worn stairs.

But I had not taken twenty steps westward before I saw the woman herself, the lady of the house of mysteries, driving slowly towards me, and I knew, as though she herself had said it, that her business was with me.

CHAPTER III.

ISABELLA DE GAVARNIE.

THE carriage was a victoria, superbly horsed; my lady herself was dressed as only a Parisian at Longchamps, or a Viennese in the Prater knows how to dress. I thanked God in that moment for the good frock coat and the fresh silk hat which Portugal Street had left to me. The garret which I had just quitted was remembered for an instant as the shabbiest in all London.

It was all the work of a moment, my own surprise and unconcealed pleasure, her cry of recognition, the swift reining in of the horses, the swerve of the carriage against the kerbstone. Ten seconds did not pass, I believe, before I was holding her hand and telling myself how different she was from the woman who had crouched and shuddered on that unforgettable night. For the sunshine of the lingering day fell upon a face of surpassing sweetness, and the eyes in which I had seen tears were now aglow with the radiance of a woman's laughter.

"Captain Falconer," she said, speaking in quaint and pretty English, with the faintest possible accent to give it charm, "how lucky I am; I was coming to see you."

I thought of my garret, and flushed as a schoolgirl at her first compliment.

"Madame——" I exclaimed, and then stuck for the word.

"Gavarnie," she said, as though answering a question I had not spoken, "will you let me come into your house and speak to you for a little while?"

Her hand had rested in mine while she put the question, but now she drew it back and began to unwrap the white rug from her knees. I don't know what I said to her, but in my heart I exclaimed upon the Marylebone Road and its people; but more particularly upon the two-pair back, to which destiny had condemned me. When next I had command of my tongue, she was sitting in my one armchair, and declaring that of all perfumes she adored most the smell of tobacco. As for old Benjamin, I heard him in my bedroom laughing like a child. And when Benjamin laughed, the world looked black indeed.

"Madame Gavarnie!" I exclaimed at last, accepting the worst, yet encouraged not a little by her manner, which was that of one who had a woman's heart and sympathy, "Madame Gavarnie, I will not apologise for my rooms, but I could wish that they were better for your sake. At least let me offer you some tea——"

She put her hand upon my arm with a movement so gentle that all my shame passed in a moment.

"Are we not friends?" she said. "Am I not in a

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friend's house? Why speak of these things? I know your story, Captain Falconer—at least some of it. I have come here to know the rest. Oh, yes, I will take a cup of tea, and you shall talk to me while I drink it."

I called loudly for Benjamin to bring us tea—"and, for Heaven's sake, in an uncracked cup," I added *sotto voce*. When she was sipping it, her veil turned up about her French hat, and the bright glow upon her handsome face, I wondered that I could have lived in London so long and never heard her name.

"You have been expecting me to call upon you?" she exclaimed presently, regarding me curiously with her great black eyes.

"I never thought of it in that way; but I have thought of you a thousand times since I first saw you in the street."

"I was foolish," she exclaimed quickly. "There was no need to be so silly. My brother is well again now, and has forgotten the quarrel with his friend. We Spaniards, you know, are quick in temper. But we do not remember as you English. You will keep my secret, Captain Falconer?"

I said to her that I would. To myself I said that she could tell a lie with any woman in Europe. Then she continued:

"Are you not the second son of Sir Francis Falconer, who was some time at the Embassy in Madrid? I seemed to know the name directly you uttered it. And the face—you have your father's face. I was very young then, but I have never forgotten one who showed so many kindnesses to me."

She looked round the room as though she could not reconcile my apartment with her memories of the man.

"I am glad that you remember my father," I said; "you know, possibly, that he died four years ago at Belgrade. The fortune which he left me has gone to the Jews. My other distinctions are notorious. I resigned my commission in the 10th Hussars last March, and was declared a bankrupt three months ago. Believe me, Madame Gavarnie, I should make the fortune of a curate who wanted an example of the vices."

She smiled at the thought, but was serious again when she answered me.

"And your own fortune—do you not think of that?"

I rose from my chair and paced the room wearily.

"Fools are those who do not succeed," I said gloomily, "thirty-seven millions there were in Carlyle's time; there are more to-day, and I am one of them. Tell me, what in Heaven's name have I to do with fortune, madame. Have I brains? Assuredly not, or the Jews would have left me my money. Have I influence? Yes, the influence of those who are scheming to get me out of the country because of the disgrace. Have I friends?"

She cut me short with a word.

"Yes," she said, "since you are the friend of Isabella de Gavarnie. I am right to say that, Captain Falconer?"

We were face to face now, for she had risen from her seat, and stood with her hand laid very prettily upon my arm again. I read in her eyes something more than sympathy; the touch of her soft fingers made my heart leap.

"Oh, madame," I exclaimed, "what is the friendship of a ruined man worth to you?"

"If it should be worth all?" she answered quickly, betraying an excitement as astonishing as it was unlooked for, "if it should mean happiness, love; the things which make a woman's life; if it should mean that to me—your friendship, would you give it then, Captain Falconer?"

I bent down and kissed her hand. "A superb actress," I said to myself, "or one who lives in the shadow of a mystery." But to her I said:

"A thousand times—I would ask no greater happiness."

It was plain to me that she was greatly agitated, a fact which seemed to link the events of that strange night when I had searched her house and came upon the body of the sleeping man there with her visit to my garret in the Marylebone Road. I was quite sure that she had told me nothing of the true history of that business; and when she sat again in my arm-chair, and made a sign to me to take a seat at her side, I thought that she was about to speak of it. But for a while she said nothing, though I could see she searched for words and covered her difficulty with an exquisite play of her magnificent fan.

"Captain Falconer," she said of a sudden, laying her hand upon her knee, "did not they say that you were the finest swordsman in your regiment?"

"They said a good many absurd things, Madame Gavarnie."

She ignored the evasion.

"And the best horseman?" she continued.

"Oh, my dear lady, will you not spare me?"

"You like the civilian's life?"

"Like it! Heaven forbid!"

"You would not refuse the offer of a commission abroad, if it were made to you?"

"A commission abroad—in a European regiment?"

She laughed at my unconcealed astonishment.

"In a regiment of which all Europe will hear before the year is out."

"For a possible service against my own country, madame?"

"For a possible service against the world, Captain."

Isabella de Gavarnie had the Southern love for the dramatic in thought, in word, in act. No queen of tragedy could have spoken the words as she spoke them. Even my stupefying surprise at her words could not hide from my eyes the superb beauty of the woman or the sweetness of her girlish face; yet what she meant, or of what service she wished to speak, I knew no more than old Benjamin in my kitchen.

"Madame Gavarnie," I said, "you jest with me."

"With such a jest, Captain, that will give you at a word all you love best in life; will put a sword in your hands again—will make you the master of men and of fortune, will send you back here to claim the name and the lands you have lost—that is how I jest, my friend."

Her manner was superb—the manner of a grand dame rewarding one who had served her and won favour. To say that I understood her or could make anything of her promise would be to claim a foresight very foreign to me.

"My dear lady," I said at length, "we live in the nineteenth century, when romance has ceased to be. If you had come to me a hundred years ago—and, pardon me, a hundred years could not age Madame Gavarnie—I should have been all ears for your proposal. But to-day, now, when the mercenary is a brigand of the Balkans, and swordsmanship is a show for a *salle d'armes*, do you think it wonderful that I cannot answer you? You speak of a service against the world; of a service in which I am to win fortune; of a regiment of which all Europe will hear before the year is out. I answer you with a question—what are the conditions of such a service?"

"The conditions are two, Captain—the first that you leave England to-morrow morning for Zaragoza; the second that you go to Spain as the friend of Isabella de Gavarnie. Do not think that I come here unselfishly, a philanthropist who would confer some obligation upon you. I come rather to claim a service of you. If you listen to my promises, if, as I know you will, you go to Spain to-morrow, I ask that it shall be as the guardian of my secrets and of my interests. I am about to bring you face to face with a man born to be a king of men; of a man—God knows!—to whom my life, my fortune will be entrusted presently for my eternal happiness or my eternal misery. I send you to one who is a living mystery, incomprehensible as the story of life itself; to a man able to scorn time and space and country, who is to-day in London, to-morrow in Petersburg; a man from whom no secrets are hidden, powerful to win the love of men, relentless in enmity, unswerving in friendship. To him I send you to be his servant, but more than that, to be my friend. Captain Falconer, you will leave England to-morrow—is it not written down in the book of your destiny which sent you to my house a week ago?—you will leave England, and before you return, he whom you go to serve will have won his kingdom—and his wife."

She clutched her fan convulsively. I could see that her heart was pulsing quickly; in her eyes I beheld a light of awe, of mystery, as of some thought half pleasing, half to be dreaded. Nor could I mistake her words. She would send me to Spain to tell her of the man who was to become her husband. Never, surely, was there a more remarkable embassy.

It has seemed to me since then that the whole course of my life was changed in that moment. Curiosity, awe, wonder, possessed me in turn. A thousand questions were suggested and left unasked. "She sends me to her lover," I said to myself again and again. No longer had I any doubt what answer I should give her. I must see him who had won the love of Isabella de Gavarnie.

"You speak of strange things, Madame Gavarnie," I said after we had sat for some minutes in silence, "of a service which I cannot so much as imagine; of a man whom I am anxious already to know. Yet, if it be to your interest, I will go to the end of the earth. There is nothing, surely, to keep me in England. If this employment you name be an honourable employment, such as a soldier may follow, your friend shall find a willing comrade. Tell me only where shall I look for him? what shall I say to him? how shall I make myself known?"

She rose and clapped her hands; no childish delight could have been expressed more prettily.

"I knew you would go; I knew you would be my friend," she exclaimed, looking up to me with eyes which betrayed a woman's gratitude, "and you shall never regret, never to your life's end, that you have been willing to obey me. To-morrow you leave England, Captain. In three days you will be in the mountains where my childhood was spent. I beg you forget the name of Isabella de Gavarnie before you cross the Spanish frontier. Keep the secret between us as you value your safety. Think of nothing but the new career which fortune has opened to you. For myself, when I have need of you, my messenger will come. And you will not fail me—I know it, oh, I have known it since first you spoke to me in the silence of my house."

She waited for my answer with an excitement she could not conceal. For myself, it had all come so swiftly upon me, she had spoken of such strange things, that curiosity alone would have sent me upon her errand. And it seemed ridiculous, indeed, that I must step in between the drama of the moment and the drama to come with a word upon a small matter which even my lady's grand manner would not permit me to forget.

"Well," she cried, observing my hesitation, and taking alarm at it—"you do not answer me?"

"Madame," I replied with a laugh to cover the shame I felt, "point out to me the railway company that will carry a bankrupt to Spain for the honour of his company, and my answer is made."

It was good, upon my word, to read the pity in her eyes when my meaning was made plain to her. Swiftly, lest I should refuse her, with hands that trembled upon the silken strings, she snatched at her satchel and took from it a letter sealed with a black seal and addressed already to me.

"Oh," she exclaimed impatiently, "that I should forget it! Of course your friends have thought of that. This letter will tell you of things you need to know. Believe me, Captain Falconer, the debt is mine a thousand times. And you will keep the secret of Isabella de Gavarnie—she may call you her friend?"

She laid the letter upon the table, and turning, held out both her hands to me. For a moment I had them in mine and looked into the eyes of her who had come so mysteriously into my life. No word was spoken, no other greeting passed. But that instant of time chained me to her in a bond which nothing but her death or mine may sever.

* * * * * * *

Next morning at ten o'clock old Benjamin and I left Victoria for Madrid. We were at the Casa de Ariño, the best hotel in the Spanish town of Zaragoza, at sunrise on the second day after.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE HUSSARS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I OFTEN used to say that if I had told my man Benjamin to be ready to cut off his master's head (by request) on the following morning at eight o'clock, he would have answered: "Very good, sir." Twice in his life, perhaps, has he expressed by a look, and a sigh heavy beyond the ordinary, his surprise at that which I had done, or was about to do.

"Benjamin, we go to Spain to-morrow."

"Very good, sir."

"You will take first-class tickets and berths in the Wagons-Lits."

"Very good, sir."

"To anyone who asks, you will say that we shall be back in a month's time—but for your own information, Benjamin, I would have you to know that we may never come back at all."

"Very—good—sir."

But, oh, what a sigh upon that!

From Paris to Madrid I do not think this man of men addressed a word to me. I heard him, by here and there, commenting in good Middlesex upon the various thieves who sought to honour the *caballero Ingles*. But when we arrived at the picturesque, if dirty, town of Zaragoza, surprise at it all became too much for him, and we had not been five minutes in the hotel before he blurted out a question.

"Any orders for to-morrow, sir?"

"Sleep, Benjamin, that is the order. Do you not see it is four o'clock of the morning?"

"I see many things I don't understand, sir, beside the clocks."

I looked at him. His cunning old eyes were watching me curiously.

"Your master is in the same position, Benjamin," said I at last. "He does not know why he is in this hotel at all; he does not understand how money came into his pockets; he does not know, any more than the dead, where his next bed will be laid. You are astonished—well, so is he. Get him a whisky-and-soda, Benjamin, or any substitute for it which this infernal city can provide. You like Spain, you like the señoritas, they are better than the housemaid at ninety-two, Benjamin?"

He chuckled nervously, and then became very serious.

"You will pardon me, sir, that I should name it; well, to be sure, you do not think there is any risk, sir?"

"Benjamin," said I decisively, "as for the risk, I am like the converted Jew, I don't care a button either way. Where we are going to, or what is to become of us, Heaven only knows. But if our throats must be cut next Saturday, I would not for that go back to the gentlemen of Carcy Street, or the hades they found for me in the Marylebone Road."

The old man straightened himself up and looked me full in the face.

"We shall never go back there, sir—God grant it."

He shuffled off to bed and I to my room. It was the hour of dawn, and the Spanish town shimmered in the first glow of a terrible sunshine. I saw her spires standing up like needles above the sluggish and muddy Ebro. Her narrow streets were alive, and blocked already with the primitive carts of the countrymen awaiting market. Church bells called the peasants to Mass. A haze of white and spreading mists steamed up from the fertile plains beyond the city's bounds, promising a day of surpassing heat to come. Even in my airy room at the Casa de Ariño, the morning air was heavy as a breath from a city's lung. I could not sleep, was too tired to walk, too excited to think of aught but the strange fortune which had carried me—a bankrupt soldier—from England to a service the nature of which I could not even guess at; to a city which hitherto had been no more than a name to me.

Often since I set out from England had I stood a moment to ask myself upon what enterprise I was embarking, or what end I was seeking? I would say at such times that Isabella de Gavarnie was a creature of my imagination; that her desire for me to go to Spain, and wait there until her messenger would find me out, was a desire of my fancy. But in Zaragoza, at the window of the hotel which looked out upon the dirty city of northern Spain, I could hide the reality from me no longer. No miracle, I said, nowadays would carry a bankrupt in a sleeping car from Paris to Zaragoza; no miracle would put five hundred pounds in the pockets of him who yesterday had not five hundred pence. These things were facts; the great mystery alone remained—the mystery of the noble woman who had sent me upon the errand; the mystery of the man I had set out to find.

Who was she, this stately creature, upon whose house I had stumbled so strangely in that silent street of Bayswater? What service of the sword could there be in Spain for a ruined officer of English hussars? These things she had neglected to speak of. I had her letter, it is true; the letter, sealed with the black seal, and laid upon my table so delicately in that garret in London. But it gave me no clue to her purpose, as you shall learn presently. Many times I read the few lines she had written upon a plain piece of notepaper. They seemed to be lines in keeping with her own character.

"*At the Casa de Ariño, in the town of Zaragoza, he to whom you are sent will seek for you. Let no mention of my name cross your lips. Forget that you have heard it as you value your life, yet in your heart may there be friendship for*

"*Isabella de Gavarnie.*"

So ran the letter which she had left upon my table. It was twice folded and wrapped in English banknotes to the value of £500. Beyond these, a slip cut from a French newspaper made up the contents of her envelope. I read the cutting in London, but could make nothing of it. I read it again in Paris, and said that it magnified the mystery. I read it for the third time at the window of the Casa de Ariño, and suddenly, out of the void of mystery, a little light of understanding seemed to shine upon me.

The cutting was from the Paris FIGARO. Someone had put a date upon the margin of it—the third day of June in

Miss Ida Deahl's story, "The Sins of Father Vane," commences in the Bank Holiday Number of SHORT STORIES, published on July 31st.

I suppressed a word of impatience, and at the third attempt obtained a flaming match. The chandelier now showed itself hanging low over the table, and I picked my way to it, thinking that every step might bring me to the body. Not until five burners were lighted and a brilliant aureola cut a circle of radiance from the shadows did I breathe a full breath in that place of mystery.

The room was a large one, furnished in the Chippendale style. The pictures, as well as I could see them beyond the aureola, were of the Spanish school. There was a heavy mirror in a black oak frame above the fireplace; a second mirror hung above the buffet. Two chairs, I observed, had been drawn to the table, but one of them was overturned. A stain of red wine had run over the white cloth and dropped upon the chair beneath. A candle in a silver stick was broken in half as though by a blow. Trivial as these omens were, they confirmed the woman's story strikingly. It was plain that there had been a brawl in the room, but what of the brawlers? Certainly, in that space which the circle of light covered, there was no sign of life or of the end of life. But beyond, in the shadows? I passed swiftly round the room, warmed to courage by the friendly gas. The matches no longer fell from clumsy fingers. There was no nook nor cranny into which I did not peer.

"Madame," I said at last, and it was a word of vast relief, "you may come in, there is no one here."

She entered with noiseless steps, and the light falling upon the superb jewels in her hair and about her neck gave a changing radiance of fire to them, so that her lightest movement was a glitter anew of sparkling gems. When she stood at my side and searched the room with her dark eyes, now aflame with curiosity, she seemed to me to be some queen of the East come masquerading to this suburb of London; yet from what city, or upon what errand I could not so much as surmise. Nevertheless, I was sure of two things at the start of it—she was an aristocrat, and her jewels were the finest I had ever seen on woman.

"There is no one here," I repeated, resisting the temptation to stare at her, "I have looked everywhere, and am sure of it."

She drew a deep breath, and appeared to be thinking. Presently she turned to the buffet, and her quick eyes detected that which I had not seen there. It was a handkerchief stained with blood. She held it for a moment in her shapely hand, which quivered as a leaf that is to fall.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, while all the colour rushed from her face, "what has happened, where are they—why do I suffer like this?"

I thought that she would have swooned and put my arm about her, but she drew back from me and turned again toward the hall.

"Monsieur," she said in a quick and nervous tone which betrayed an agony of doubt, "will you search the other rooms with me? I do not know what it is—I cannot tell you—but this house has a great secret to give up to us, and I am alone. Oh, I have no right to ask you, no right to claim your kindness!"

She stood expectant, an exquisite figure in the circle of the light. Mystified as I was, afraid of the dreadful secret of that house, I yet could say to myself that here was a woman whom I would follow to the world's end.

"Madame," I said, "there is no question of right—I shall not soon forget the privilege."

"Nor I the service," she answered, but with such meaning in her tone that I stopped an instant in my walk, and our eyes met. Ever afterwards the thought has been with me that Isabella de Gavarnie became my friend in that moment.

"Shall we begin on this floor?" I asked, as we stood once more in the darkness of the hall.

"If you please," she said quietly, and with that I struck another match and threw open the door of a room upon my right hand, a library, as I could see, but empty as the other room. The drawn blinds showed a glimmer of the morning light without; paper and pens littered upon a bureau spoke of the occupations of the dead day; a book lay upon a little table, and an empty coffee cup stood beside it. But this was a room of repose. A child could have seen that there had been no brawl there.

"We waste our time here," I said, shutting the door of the library behind me. "Have you any reason to believe that your friends are still in the house?"

She held up the bloodstained handkerchief which she had carried from the dining-room with her.

"I know that they are here—one of them," she exclaimed impatiently; "yet if you wish to go, monsieur——"

"I wish to go where you tell me," I answered.

"Then we will look in the drawing-room."

It was dark upon the staircase, but a great stained-glass window shimmered at the first touch of day, and the gas jet, which we turned up as we ascended, shone white and feeble before the light of dawn. The woman had not waited while I fumbled with the gas, and stood already upon the second landing when I was ready to follow her. I hastened up the remaining stairs, fearing for her to go alone; but three steps still lay between us, when she uttered a cry of distress, and I saw her drop upon one knee, and cover her eyes, as though to shut from them the secret which was a secret no more. And then I knew that the whole of her story was true, for a man lay full length upon the floor, and whether he were alive or dead I had yet to learn.

He was a young man, short in stature as I imagined, and wearing the pointed beard beloved of the old Spanish painters. I noticed that he wore a great white bow in the place of our narrow English neckties; but his dress clothes seemed to be very new, and his embroidered shirt front was scarcely ruffled. That he had been struck down in that place was my first thought, so that I feared to move him lest some gaping wound should show itself to the woman. But when I bent down and felt the young man's wrist, warm and pulsing with an even beat of the heart, I knew that I was mistaken. He lived; what was more, and this was the surpassing mystery, he breathed like a hale man.

"Monsieur," said the woman, ignoring my astonishment "will you carry him to my boudoir—oh, I thank Heaven that it is no worse; he is only sleeping."

It was not a moment for argument, but as I lifted the unknown in my arms, two unanswerable questions flashed upon my mind—the first, how came it that this man lay in sleep in such a place; the second, what instinct guided the woman so that she knew he was sleeping. Just as I had feared the secret of the house when it was not discovered, so did this discovery of it seem to me the greatest wonder I had heard or read of. I began to have a dread of the house which nothing could shake off. Who were these people? I asked myself. Whence came their riches, what was the meaning of the work of that night, and where was that other of whom she had made mention? God knows, the situation perplexed me—the unbroken silence was as a harbinger of death. I could feel the sweat rolling down my face when I carried the sleeping man to the boudoir she had named and there laid him upon a sofa. But the mistress of the house was herself again. Fear had fallen from her like a cloak. Her new manner was imperious, almost commanding.

"Monsieur," she said, "I thank you from my heart. My brother only sleeps, as you see. He is subject to these attacks. They leave him weak and ill, but we can do nothing for him while they last. I shall watch with him until he wakes."

She stood at the door hesitating as though she had the wish that I would leave her. But my astonishment at her desire and at the spectacle of the man, lying as in a trance upon her sofa, kept me rooted to the spot. I was about to mutter some question, some desire for a further word upon it, when I heard a door shut very softly in the hall below, and so unexpected was the sound that I drew back as though a hand had touched me.

"Madame," I whispered, "there are others in the house."

"Oh, go—go!" she cried with an agitation she could not control. "Go, I beseech you, and leave me alone."

I bowed to her and left the room. When I turned the corner of the first landing, I could see her majestic figure outstanding in the morning light. I thought that I looked upon it for the last time. I did not know—— But that is my story.

There was sunshine in the hall; but I passed through it swiftly, fearing, with a child's fear, that some unseen hand would be outstretched to touch me as I walked. Not until the street door had closed behind me, and the sweet air of a June morning breathed upon my face, did dread of that house of mystery leave me. But in the street I stood to gaze at its lightless windows, and to ask myself if, indeed, I had witnessed the things of that night, or had dreamt them upon my way. Outwardly it was as other houses—black and bare, with drawn blinds and gloomy portals—but within, what story could it tell? God and one knew, I said, and so turned towards my home.

At the corner of the detestable street I drank a cup of coffee from a stall. The man who served me remarked that my hand trembled. I did not answer him, but the wind of morning told me that sweat was still running down my face.

CHAPTER II.

DANS UN GRENIER.

ON the seventh day after my meeting with the woman in the interminable street of Bayswater, I sat in my garret in the Marylebone Road and heard my man Benjamin sighing upon the stairs as he came up to me. I knew then that his tidings were good; for never was that best of men known to sigh when the news was ill. Moreover, he entered the room boldly, forgetting to remove his hat until he had advanced some paces toward me.

"Well," I said, "you have been?"

He sidled towards me like a crab, for thus was his habit acquired in many years of faithful service at my table. There was no door in London, open but the half of a foot though it might have been, through which Benjamin could not slip when the need was.

"Yes, sir," he said, coming quite close to my chair, "I have been."

"And have learnt something new?"

He fingered the brim of his hat nervously. I think that he was always frightened of me. Yet, let me bear witness, no man ever had a better friend.

"If you please," he said, answering my question with hesitation, "the housemaid at number ninety-two——"

"Benjamin," I exclaimed severely, "let me hope that I have brought you up in the way you should go. At your age one does not speak of the housemaid at number ninety-two."

He giggled just for all the world like an old woman.

"Oh, sir—oh, indeed—well, to be sure—that you should think it."

"Benjamin," I said, "go on with your story, and then I will tell you what I think."

He became serious directly, screwing his neck out of his collar, and sighing with that sigh which had become a part of my monotonous life.

"They told me at ninety-two that her name's Gavarnie, and she's a foreigner," he said quickly. "Very quiet and respectable party, and keeps company, sir. A widder lady may be—may be not. Backyard's full of champagne cases, and there isn't no washing hung out. She's not much there, but she lives alone and plays the piano. When anyone stays in the house, it's a Spanish gentleman—a Count they think he is, but they don't know for certain. All the bills are paid every week, sir. Two pound fourteen for fruit last week, which is considerable, you'll admit. Three servants is kept, and two are women. There is nothing else, sir."

"Benjamin," I said, "you ought to be at Scotland Yard."

He laughed again, still nervously.

"The kitchen's my newspaper," he explained, "and I don't want no better. You are dining out, sir?"

"Of course—but I shall breakfast here to-morrow."

The old man looked at me in his quick, nervous way. I believe he would have given a sovereign to have known why I sent him to that gloomy street of Bayswater.

"That's all, Benjamin," I exclaimed.

He shuffled from the room sighing. The burden of my poverty was heavy but he shared it uncomplainingly.

"Where you go, I go," he had said when misfortune overtook us, "to the world's end, if it is to be, sir."

He meant his words, though, God knows, I might as well, at that time, have talked of carrying him to the moon as to the world's end. When a solemn person at the Bankruptcy Court pronounces your "public examination" finished, and gives you certain good warning against rash and hazardous expenditure, it is not in my experience that he adds to that advice a sum sufficient to ensure the payment of your coming butcher's bill. For myself, after I was declared a bankrupt, and all that I had went to the Jews, and they took the very rings from my fingers, and sent me out to this exile of a two-pair back in the Marylebone Road, Benjamin alone was left to me. I could not raise money on him and so he stayed. Possibly, if it had been otherwise he would have gone. They used to say in the "Tenth" that I would play for my own right hand. I believe they were right.

Benjamin left the room on this afternoon of which I am writing and I walked to my window, thinking again of that strange night, now a week gone, when the monotony of my life had been broken for an instant by the apparition of the woman and the strange things I had seen in her house.

Not for an hour, I believe, did the strange mystery of that day cease to shape stories for me, or to set me racking my brains for anything that would throw light upon the house or upon its people. "A foreigner," said the gossips of the street. "A rich woman living alone." She paid her bills—oh, wonderful testimony to the perfect neighbour! She went out much. There were empty champagne bottles in her garden! I laughed to myself, remembering the news old Benjamin had gathered. The sweet face of the woman had looked on me often since that night; I had stood with her again in the house of my sleep.

What freak of destiny, I asked, permitted me to pass by when those who were her guests had driven her to the streets? Would the same destiny lead me to her house again? Was the instinct which kept dinning it in my ears that this woman had become my friend a true premonition or the mere fancy of the dreamer? These thoughts and questions were my companions day and night.

The tidings which old Benjamin carried neither added to the number of them nor gave me answer. I was like a child which had looked upon some stage picture for an instant and then had been hurried from the theatre. The play pursued me relentlessly, even to my bed.

There is not a great deal of that which the French papers call "*le highlife*" to be seen from the upper windows of a house in the Marylebone Road, unless the "high life" in question be a matter of altitude. For a little while on that seventh day, I stood watching the endless procession of railway vans and lumbering waggons. Then, weary of the prospect, and remembering that for Benjamin's sake I must sooner or later go out and pretend to dine, I put on my hat and descended the well-worn stairs.

But I had not taken twenty steps westward before I saw the woman herself, the lady of the house of mysteries, driving slowly towards me, and I knew, as though she herself had said it, that her business was with me.

CHAPTER III.

ISABELLA DE GAVARNIE.

THE carriage was a victoria, superbly horsed; my lady herself was dressed as only a Parisian at Longchamps, or a Viennese in the Prater knows how to dress. I thanked God in that moment for the good frock coat and the fresh silk hat which Portugal Street had left to me. The garret which I had just quitted was remembered for an instant as the shabbiest in all London.

It was all the work of a moment, my own surprise and unconcealed pleasure, her cry of recognition, the swift reining in of the horses, the swerve of the carriage against the kerbstone. Ten seconds did not pass, I believe, before I was holding her hand and telling myself how different she was from the woman who had crouched and shuddered on that unforgettable night. For the sunshine of the lingering day fell upon a face of surpassing sweetness, and the eyes in which I had seen tears were now aglow with the radiance of a woman's laughter.

"Captain Falconer," she said, speaking in quaint and pretty English, with the faintest possible accent to give it charm, "how lucky I am; I was coming to see you."

I thought of my garret, and flushed as a schoolgirl at her first compliment.

"Madame——" I exclaimed, and then stuck for the word.

"Gavarnie," she said, as though answering a question I had not spoken, "will you let me come into your house and speak to you for a little while?"

Her hand had rested in mine while she put the question, but now she drew it back and began to unwrap the white rug from her knees. I don't know what I said to her, but in my heart I exclaimed upon the Marylebone Road and its people; but more particularly upon the two-pair back, to which destiny had condemned me. When next I had command of my tongue, she was sitting in my one armchair, and declaring that of all perfumes she adored most the smell of tobacco. As for old Benjamin, I heard him in my bedroom laughing like a child. And when Benjamin laughed, the world looked black indeed.

"Madame Gavarnie!" I exclaimed at last, accepting the worst, yet encouraged not a little by her manner, which was that of one who had a woman's heart and sympathy, "Madame Gavarnie, I will not apologise for my rooms, but I could wish that they were better for your sake. At least let me offer you some tea——"

She put her hand upon my arm with a movement so gentle that all my shame passed in a moment.

"Are we not friends?" she said. "Am I not in a

Cricket bats and bags are given away by the ATHLETIC RECORD.

friend's house? Why speak of these things? I know your story, Captain Falconer—at least some of it. I have come here to know the rest. Oh, yes, I will take a cup of tea, and you shall talk to me while I drink it."

I called loudly for Benjamin to bring us tea—"and, for Heaven's sake, in an uncracked cup," I added *sotto voce*. When she was sipping it, her veil turned up about her French hat, and the bright glow upon her handsome face, I wondered that I could have lived in London so long and never heard her name.

"You have been expecting me to call upon you?" she exclaimed presently, regarding me curiously with her great black eyes.

"I never thought of it in that way; but I have thought of you a thousand times since I first saw you in the street."

"I was foolish," she exclaimed quickly. "There was no need to be so silly. My brother is well again now, and has forgotten the quarrel with his friend. We Spaniards, you know, are quick in temper. But we do not remember as you English. You will keep my secret, Captain Falconer?"

I said to her that I would. To myself I said that she could tell a lie with any woman in Europe. Then she continued:

"Are you not the second son of Sir Francis Falconer, who was some time at the Embassy in Madrid? I seemed to know the name directly you uttered it. And the face—you have your father's face. I was very young then, but I have never forgotten one who showed so many kindnesses to me."

She looked round the room as though she could not reconcile my apartment with her memories of the man.

"I am glad that you remember my father," I said; "you know, possibly, that he died four years ago at Belgrade. The fortune which he left me has gone to the Jews. My other distinctions are notorious. I resigned my commission in the 10th Hussars last March, and was declared a bankrupt three months ago. Believe me, Madame Gavarnie, I should make the fortune of a curate who wanted an example of the vices."

She smiled at the thought, but was serious again when she answered me.

"And your own fortune—do you not think of that?"

I rose from my chair and paced the room wearily.

"Fools are those who do not succeed," I said gloomily, "thirty-seven millions there were in Carlyle's time; there are more to-day, and I am one of them. Tell me, what in Heaven's name have I to do with fortune, madame. Have I brains? Assuredly not, or the Jews would have left me my money. Have I influence? Yes, the influence of those who are scheming to get me out of the country because of the disgrace. Have I friends?"

She cut me short with a word.

"Yes," she said, "since you are the friend of Isabella de Gavarnie. I am right to say that, Captain Falconer?"

We were face to face now, for she had risen from her seat, and stood with her hand laid very prettily upon my arm again. I read in her eyes something more than sympathy; the touch of her soft fingers made my heart leap.

"Oh, madame," I exclaimed, "what is the friendship of a ruined man worth to you?"

"If it should be worth all?" she answered quickly, betraying an excitement as astonishing as it was unlooked for, "if it should mean happiness, love; the things which make a woman's life; if it should mean that to me—your friendship, would you give it then, Captain Falconer?"

I bent down and kissed her hand. "A superb actress," I said to myself, "or one who lives in the shadow of a mystery." But to her I said:

"A thousand times—I would ask no greater happiness."

It was plain to me that she was greatly agitated, a fact which seemed to link the events of that strange night when I had searched her house and came upon the body of the sleeping man there with her visit to my garret in the Marylebone Road. I was quite sure that she had told me nothing of the true history of that business; and when she sat again in my arm-chair, and made a sign to me to take a seat at her side, I thought that she was about to speak of it. But for a while she said nothing, though I could see she searched for words and covered her difficulty with an exquisite play of her magnificent fan.

"Captain Falconer," she said of a sudden, laying her hand upon her knee, "did not they say that you were the finest swordsman in your regiment?"

"They said a good many absurd things, Madame Gavarnie."

She ignored the evasion.

"And the best horseman?" she continued.

"Oh, my dear lady, will you not spare me?"

"You like the civilian's life?"

"Like it! Heaven forbid!"

"You would not refuse the offer of a commission abroad, if it were made to you?"

"A commission abroad—in a European regiment?"

She laughed at my unconcealed astonishment.

"In a regiment of which all Europe will hear before the year is out."

"For a possible service against my own country, madame?"

"For a possible service against the world, Captain."

Isabella de Gavarnie had the Southern love for the dramatic in thought, in word, in act. No queen of tragedy could have spoken the words as she spoke them. Even my stupefying surprise at her words could not hide from my eyes the superb beauty of the woman or the sweetness of her girlish face; yet what she meant, or of what service she wished to speak, I knew no more than old Benjamin in my kitchen.

"Madame Gavarnie," I said, "you jest with me."

"With such a jest, Captain, that will give you at a word all you love best in life; will put a sword in your hands again—will make you the master of men and of fortune, will send you back here to claim the name and the lands you have lost—that is how I jest, my friend."

Her manner was superb—the manner of a grand dame rewarding one who had served her and won favour. To say that I understood her or could make anything of her promise would be to claim a foresight very foreign to me.

"My dear lady," I said at length, "we live in the nineteenth century, when romance has ceased to be. If you had come to me a hundred years ago—and, pardon me, a hundred years could not age Madame Gavarnie—I should have been all ears for your proposal. But to-day, now, when the mercenary is a brigand of the Balkans, and swordsmanship is a show for a *salle d'armes*, do you think it wonderful that I cannot answer you? You speak of a service against the world; of a service in which I am to win fortune; of a regiment of which all Europe will hear before the year is out. I answer you with a question—what are the conditions of such a service?"

"The conditions are two, Captain—the first that you leave England to-morrow morning for Zaragoza; the second that you go to Spain as the friend of Isabella de Gavarnie. Do not think that I come here unselfishly, a philanthropist who would confer some obligation upon you. I come rather to claim a service of you. If you listen to my promises, if, as I know you will, you go to Spain to-morrow, I ask that it shall be as the guardian of my secrets and of my interests. I am about to bring you face to face with a man born to be a king of men; of a man—God knows!—to whom my life, my fortune will be entrusted presently for my eternal happiness or my eternal misery. I send you to one who is a living mystery, incomprehensible as the story of life itself; to a man able to scorn time and space and country, who is to-day in London, to-morrow in Petersburg; a man from whom no secrets are hidden, powerful to win the love of men, relentless in enmity, unswerving in friendship. To him I send you to be his servant, but more than that, to be my friend. Captain Falconer, you will leave England to-morrow—is it not written down in the book of your destiny which sent you to my house a week ago?—you will leave England, and before you return, he whom you go to serve will have won his kingdom—and his wife."

She clutched her fan convulsively. I could see that her heart was pulsing quickly; in her eyes I beheld a light of awe, of mystery, as of some thought half pleasing, half to be dreaded. Nor could I mistake her words. She would send me to Spain to tell her of the man who was to become her husband. Never, surely, was there a more remarkable embassy.

It has seemed to me since then that the whole course of my life was changed in that moment. Curiosity, awe, wonder, possessed me in turn. A thousand questions were suggested and left unasked. "She sends me to her lover," I said to myself again and again. No longer had I any doubt what answer I should give her. I must see him who had won the love of Isabella de Gavarnie.

"You speak of strange things, Madame Gavarnie," I said after we had sat for some minutes in silence, "of a service which I cannot so much as imagine; of a man whom I am anxious already to know. Yet, if it be to your interest, I will go to the end of the earth. There is nothing, surely, to keep me in England. If this employment you name be an honourable employment, such as a soldier may follow, your friend shall find a willing comrade. Tell me only where shall I look for him? what shall I say to him? how shall I make myself known?"

She rose and clapped her hands; no childish delight could have been expressed more prettily.

"I knew you would go; I knew you would be my friend," she exclaimed, looking up to me with eyes which betrayed a woman's gratitude, "and you shall never regret, never to your life's end, that you have been willing to obey me. To-morrow you leave England, Captain. In three days you will be in the mountains where my childhood was spent. I beg you forget the name of Isabella de Gavarnie before you cross the Spanish frontier. Keep the secret between us as you value your safety. Think of nothing but the new career which fortune has opened to you. For myself, when I have need of you, my messenger will come. And you will not fail me—I know it, oh, I have known it since first you spoke to me in the silence of my house."

She waited for my answer with an excitement she could not conceal. For myself, it had all come so swiftly upon me, she had spoken of such strange things, that curiosity alone would have sent me upon her errand. And it seemed ridiculous, indeed, that I must step in between the drama of the moment and the drama to come with a word upon a small matter which even my lady's grand manner would not permit me to forget.

"Well," she cried, observing my hesitation, and taking alarm at it—"you do not answer me?"

"Madame," I replied with a laugh to cover the shame I felt, "point out to me the railway company that will carry a bankrupt to Spain for the honour of his company, and my answer is made."

It was good, upon my word, to read the pity in her eyes when my meaning was made plain to her. Swiftly, lest I should refuse her, with hands that trembled upon the silken strings, she snatched at her satchel and took from it a letter sealed with a black seal and addressed already to me.

"Oh," she exclaimed impatiently, "that I should forget it! Of course your friends have thought of that. This letter will tell you of things you need to know. Believe me, Captain Falconer, the debt is mine a thousand times. And you will keep the secret of Isabella de Gavarnie—she may call you her friend?"

She laid the letter upon the table, and turning, held out both her hands to me. For a moment I had them in mine and looked into the eyes of her who had come so mysteriously into my life. No word was spoken, no other greeting passed. But that instant of time chained me to her in a bond which nothing but her death or mine may sever.

* * * * * * *

Next morning at ten o'clock old Benjamin and I left Victoria for Madrid. We were at the Casa de Ariño, the best hotel in the Spanish town of Zaragoza, at sunrise on the second day after.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE HUSSARS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I OFTEN used to say that if I had told my man Benjamin to be ready to cut off his master's head (by request) on the following morning at eight o'clock, he would have answered: "Very good, sir." Twice in his life, perhaps, has he expressed by a look, and a sigh heavy beyond the ordinary, his surprise at that which I had done, or was about to do.

"Benjamin, we go to Spain to-morrow."

"Very good, sir."

"You will take first-class tickets and berths in the Wagons-Lits."

"Very good, sir."

"To anyone who asks, you will say that we shall be back in a month's time—but for your own information, Benjamin, I would have you to know that we may never come back at all."

"Very—good—sir."

But, oh, what a sigh upon that!

From Paris to Madrid I do not think this man of men addressed a word to me. I heard him, by here and there, commenting in good Middlesex upon the various thieves who sought to honour the *caballero Ingles*. But when we arrived at the picturesque, if dirty, town of Zaragoza, surprise at it all became too much for him, and we had not been five minutes in the hotel before he blurted out a question.

"Any orders for to-morrow, sir?"

"Sleep, Benjamin, that is the order. Do you not see it is four o'clock of the morning?"

"I see many things I don't understand, sir, beside the clocks."

I looked at him. His cunning old eyes were watching me curiously.

"Your master is in the same position, Benjamin," said I at last. "He does not know why he is in this hotel at all; he does not understand how money came into his pockets; he does not know, any more than the dead, where his next bed will be laid. You are astonished—well, so is he. Get him a whisky-and-soda, Benjamin, or any substitute for it which this infernal city can provide. You like Spain, you like the señoritas, they are better than the housemaid at ninety-two, Benjamin?"

He chuckled nervously, and then became very serious.

"You will pardon me, sir, that I should name it; well, to be sure, you do not think there is any risk, sir?"

"Benjamin," said I decisively, "as for the risk, I am like the converted Jew, I don't care a button either way. Where we are going to, or what is to become of us, Heaven only knows. But if our throats must be cut next Saturday, I would not for that go back to the gentlemen of Carey Street, or the hades they found for me in the Marylebone Road."

The old man straightened himself up and looked me full in the face.

"We shall never go back there, sir—God grant it."

He shuffled off to bed and I to my room. It was the hour of dawn, and the Spanish town shimmered in the first glow of a terrible sunshine. I saw her spires standing up like needles above the sluggish and muddy Ebro. Her narrow streets were alive, and blocked already with the primitive carts of the countrymen awaiting market. Church bells called the peasants to Mass. A haze of white and spreading mists steamed up from the fertile plains beyond the city's bounds, promising a day of surpassing heat to come. Even in my airy room at the Casa de Ariño, the morning air was heavy as a breath from a city's lung. I could not sleep, was too tired to walk, too excited to think of aught but the strange fortune which had carried me—a bankrupt soldier—from England to a service the nature of which I could not even guess at; to a city which hitherto had been no more than a name to me.

Often since I set out from England had I stood a moment to ask myself upon what enterprise I was embarking, or what end I was seeking? I would say at such times that Isabella de Gavarnie was a creature of my imagination; that her desire for me to go to Spain, and wait there until her messenger would find me out, was a desire of my fancy. But in Zaragoza, at the window of the hotel which looked out upon the dirty city of northern Spain, I could hide the reality from me no longer. No miracle, I said, nowadays would carry a bankrupt in a sleeping car from Paris to Zaragoza; no miracle would put five hundred pounds in the pockets of him who yesterday had not five hundred pence. These things were facts; the great mystery alone remained—the mystery of the noble woman who had sent me upon the errand; the mystery of the man I had set out to find.

Who was she, this stately creature, upon whose house I had stumbled so strangely in that silent street of Bayswater? What service of the sword could there be in Spain for a ruined officer of English hussars? These things she had neglected to speak of. I had her letter, it is true; the letter, sealed with the black seal, and laid upon my table so delicately in that garret in London. But it gave me no clue to her purpose, as you shall learn presently. Many times I read the few lines she had written upon a plain piece of notepaper. They seemed to be lines in keeping with her own character.

"At the Casa de Ariño, in the town of Zaragoza, he to whom you are sent will seek for you. Let no mention of my name cross your lips. Forget that you have heard it as you value your life, yet in your heart may there be friendship for

"Isabella de Gavarnie."

So ran the letter which she had left upon my table. It was twice folded and wrapped in English banknotes to the value of £500. Beyond these, a slip cut from a French newspaper made up the contents of her envelope. I read the cutting in London, but could make nothing of it. I read it again in Paris, and said that it magnified the mystery. I read it for the third time at the window of the Casa de Ariño, and suddenly, out of the void of mystery, a little light of understanding seemed to shine upon me.

The cutting was from the Paris FIGARO. Someone had put a date upon the margin of it—the third day of June in

Miss Ida Deahl's story, "The Sins of Father Vane," commences in the Bank Holiday Number of SHORT STORIES, published on July 31st.

the week that I had met Madame Gavarnie. It was scarce fifteen lines in all—a mere *jeu d'esprit* written at hazard by a jester of the day. Seated at my desk in Florence now that many months have passed, the momentous events I have lived through are recalled to my eyes by that slip of paper as by nothing else the years have given to me. I live again the life of the mountain and the city; death once more is my bedfellow; once more I hear the voice of him at whose name the Spaniard has learnt to tremble; once more night shadows the victory and the White Hussars of Gavarnie——

But that is to tell my story; and I know not how so strange a story will be understood unless it be heard from the beginning when first I read the slip, as you shall read it now, the persiflage of a jester in the Paris FIGARO:

CHEZ TARTARIN.

Our friends, the tourists, who are going to Spain this autumn, will hear, if not with interest, at least with amusement, that the Army of the Mountains is again troubling the heads of the good people of Arragon. Ever since Philip, Count of Gavarnie, was banished from the Pyrenees in the year 1876, these simple mountaineers have clung to their childish belief that the White Hussars their master used to command still ride the hills of Arragon, and make their voices heard in the forests about his home. *Vir la vérité!* Our latest news of the regiment is from LE SOIR, the evening paper of Toulouse, which is so kind as to entertain us with a story of a traveller who crossed the Pyrenees recently from Torla to Gèdre, and not only heard the superstition of the White Hussars, but beheld them riding on the hills, a magnificently mounted troop as magnificently horse and drilled. We take our hat off to this traveller, and to our friends, the White Hussars of Gavarnie.

Many times I read that paragraph before I put it in my pocket-book again. Though I had travelled all night in a filthy Spanish cattle-truck, sleep was not to be won, nor even a pretence of rest to be enjoyed. Do what I would, the words of the FIGARO's jester came ringing in my ears. I had not been ten years in a cavalry regiment at home and remained ignorant of the hussars who served under Philip of Gavarnie, and bore the burden of the Carlist war as no other regiment in all Spain. And she who had sent me upon this errand—was not her name Gavarnie also? I stamped my foot at the folly which had not connected these things before.

Philip of Gavarnie, the noblest of all the crowd of true men and false who contested the Throne of Spain with Alfonso the Twelfth—was he, then, the father of the woman who thus had crossed my path? But his death was already written in history; and who could win the confidence of the men of Arragon as he had won it? Moreover, my lady had spoken of a service not against a dynasty, but against the world.

Rack my brains as I might, the threads of the story were not to be gathered up. I thought of all possible causes which might lead a man to enlist a troop of horsemen in those rugged wilds of the Pyrenees, yet none could explain Madame Gavarnie's promises, her fears, her warnings. For how should service in a regiment of hussars make the fortune of him who served; and how should a regiment hide itself from the world, if its purpose were against the world, there in the highlands of modern Spain? Curiosity, indeed, had me as in a vice. Not until the bells of the cathedral clocks were striking midday did I turn from my weary pursuit of these shadows and fall into an unrefreshing sleep. "The man will send for me," I said before I slept, "to-day, to-morrow, I shall know all—and then?"

I passed to sleep with the question upon my lips; I awoke to ask it again unto twenty times. Zaragoza was quickening to the life of night then. You heard music from her gardens, saw pretty women upon her *cinque-cento* balconies, beheld the cloaked cavaliers of romance in her streets. With a word to old Benjamin to have dinner ready against my return, I quitted the Casa de Ariño and turned my steps towards the great stone bridge which for centuries has spanned the River Ebro. There I was standing in the moonbeams, watching the shimmer of the silver light upon the lapping waters, when someone touched my arm; and, turning swiftly, I beheld a gipsy girl, who beckoned me to follow her.

CHAPTER V.

GIRALDA, THE GIPSY.

THE girl stood in the shadow of the parapet, a timid, graceful figure, half hidden by a black mantilla, which fell from her well-poised head almost to her feet. I had heard often of the Gitanos of Zaragoza, and thought at the first that she was of their number—a gipsy from the gardens beyond the wall come to beg *cuartos* of the Englishman. But that idea passed swiftly. Even as I hesitated whether to obey impulse again—as I had obeyed it so often since I met Isabella de Gavarnie—or to dismiss the gipsy with a curt word, she advanced from the shadows, and all doubt was at an end. For she carried a passport which no man—and a soldier less than other men—knows how to refuse, a face so beautiful and winning that I swore it was not surpassed in all the paintings of the masters. Moreover, it was plain that she was a mere child.

I call her a child, and, in truth, her youth was written in every girlish gesture. Never shall I forget the picture she made as she stood there in the moonlight, with the clear beams falling softly upon her pretty head, and a glitter of trinkets about her arms and throat. No longer was it possible to think of her as the dancing girl from the taverns beyond the city walls. She lacked all the boldness and the impudence which would have betrayed such a calling. I could read in her attitude fear both for herself and me—for her own sake in so far as our meeting might compromise her; for mine in that I might refuse her a hearing. But my astonishment at her beauty and at the comparative richness of her dress kept me silent and doubting. Was it possible that this little gipsy girl came to me from Isabella the magnificent? A voice answered, yes—the same voice said, listen and follow her.

"Señor," she said at last, speaking in French richly coloured with the accent of those who live upon the frontier towns, "you seek for someone in Zaragoza?"

I raised my hat, advancing in my turn from the shadows.

"Since I have found you, señorita, the search is at an end."

She drew back as though resenting the compliment. It was not to be hidden from me that she feared watchers in the dark places beyond the bridge.

"At the gate of the cathedral, señor," she exclaimed shyly; and with that was gone like a frightened thing, away toward the great church upon the left bank of the river.

I cast a quick look round to make sure that no one followed me, and then sought the church she had named. There are two cathedrals in Zaragoza, but that of which she spoke is called the Seu and thereby stands the famous gate, La Pavosteria. No better place in all the city could have been chosen at such an hour of night by one who sought to escape the prying eyes of gossips or of spies. Already the taverns and the *fondas* were merry with the junketings of the human night-birds. Guitars twanged from many a balcony; there was music in many a garden; but the great church and its close were as silent as the tombs they shadowed.

The gipsy girl was waiting for me when I came up to the gate. I could see her picturesque figure motionless as one of the pillars by which she stood. When I spoke to her, she drew aside her mantilla and showed me eyes no longer timid or afraid. I saw then, much to my surprise, that her hair was light in colour almost as the hair of an English blonde; while the exquisite delicacy of her skin, and the smallness of her hands and feet, betrayed an origin which had no kinship with the *rôle* she assumed so easily.

"Señor," she said, almost with a childish delight in her triumph, "I knew that you would come here!"

"Señorita, there was no choice since you commanded."

"*Madre de Dios*—who is Giralda, the gipsy, to command!"

"She is the queen of all gipsies."

The flattery pleased her. She turned laughing eyes toward me, and thrust out a little foot from her artificially ragged petticoat. A ray of the moonlight falling upon the silver buckle of her shoe made it shine as a knot of diamonds. I said that she was sixteen, and I doubted no longer that she had assumed a disguise.

"Señorita," I continued, observing her hesitation, "you have a message for me?"

She shrugged her shoulders, as who should say, that depends.

"Ay, *Dios*, I have many messages; but for you, señor, is it not for you to speak?"

"Not at all. It is for your friends in London to have written to you."

I saw that we could not come at the thing by any argle-bargle, and so blurted out my tale without more ado.

"Now see," continued I, "here is an Englishman sent to Zaragoza from London by a friend of his, who tells him that a message will be delivered in this city. Very well. That Englishman has not been a day in the place before you touch him upon the shoulder and ask him if he does not seek someone. Should not that make us good friends, señorita?"

"You would wish to be the friend of Giralda?" she asked, still playing the coquette.

"A thousand times, when I learn that the wish is hers also."

I have always said that there never were two eyes which could invite to flirtation as the eyes of Giralda, the gipsy girl.

"I am your friend for the sake of her who sent you," she answered simply. "I shall be your friend always, Captain Falconer."

"You know me, then:"

"*Madre de Dios*—if I know you. Are you not the soldier who has come here to serve the Prince? Are you not the friend of my friend? *Bueno*, we ride together presently and then you shall say if I know you."

I seized her by the wrists—acting upon an impulse not to be avoided—and drew her close to me.

"Little friend," I said, "this has been a week of things I do not understand, but Giralda at least is no mystery until now. Tell me what you mean when you say that we ride together?"

"Señor," she said, becoming serious, and lifting her childish face so close to mine that I could feel her warm breath, "I cannot speak of these things here and now, where twenty may watch us. But this is the message I am to deliver: that you meet me at the prison gate when midnight is striking, and that thence we ride to the Prince. You will not fail me, señor?"

I answered her by a kiss upon her pretty lips. For a moment she lay snug in my strong arms, then slipped from them very cleverly, and was lost in the black shadows between the pillars of the great church.

But she left me with her command still ringing in my ears; and it seemed to me when she was gone that the mystery of my journey was the greater for her message.

(*To be continued.*)

VERY STOUT GENTLEMAN (to street hawker): "Here, my man, there's sixpence for you. Just look and tell me if my boots want polishing."

"MR. HIGHWATER, how is it I find no cream in your milk?"

Milkman: "Well, mum, I expect the cows used it all during strawberry time."

A CROSSING-SWEEPER was trying to get a gratuity from an excessively dandified individual, who, in resisting, urged that he had no change—nothing but a £5 note.

"I can get it changed for you, sir," said the youngster.

On seeing the dandy hesitate, as if from fear of trusting him with the money, he put it again:

"If yer doubts me honour hold me broom."

THAT HORSE LIKED A JOKE.

ROUND a horse and trap a crowd had gathered, and the owner was explaining to the latter that, notwithstanding all efforts, he was unable to shift the obstinate horse a yard. Thereupon many offered their advice.

"Tie a string round his ear," said one. "This is a plan I have never known to fail. It gives him something else to think of."

The string was procured and the advice followed, but it proved ineffectual.

"Tickle him with a straw," said another.

This was tried, but without result.

Then an old, grey-haired man approached, and the crowd respectfully made way for him.

"I can tell you how to move this horse," he said to the owner. "Just make up a little bonfire under his body, and that will move him, if nothing else will."

The owner was pleased with the idea. Procuring a quantity of straw, he put a match to it, and presently a few feeble flames began to shoot up round the horse's legs. The horse at once moved forward a couple of yards, and then stopped, as if taking a view of the situation.

The beautiful trap was damaged to the extent of several pounds before the flames could be properly extinguished.

WATCH A MAN EAT EGGS

AND YOU CAN TELL WHAT NATION HE BELONGS TO.

ONE of the most remarkable methods of determining a person's nationality is the manner in which he performs the modest and extremely conventional function of eating a boiled egg.

To the Englishman there is one way and one way only of eating a boiled egg. When it is boiled, a process which on no account must take more than three minutes, it must be served up before him in an egg-cup of such a size that the egg slips right into it, leaving only a very small portion above the rim to be removed.

This is accomplished by either cutting off the top of the egg or by gingerly tapping the shell with the spoon sufficiently to crack it and then removing the fragments either by the spoon or fingers, leaving the top of the egg perfectly void of shell.

The contents of the egg are then scooped out with a spoon, care being taken to get about equal quantities of yolk and white each time, a little salt and pepper added, and then eaten.

The egg for the Frenchman must be soft-boiled. Like his English brother, he prefers a deep egg-cup. When the top is removed he adds a little salt and pepper and butter and then vigorously stirs and mixes them together. He then cuts his bread into small rectangular pieces which are dipped into the egg and eaten.

The German method of eating boiled eggs is very different to either of the above. The Teuton is not so fastidious. His egg is soft boiled and served in a huge unsightly cup. He breaks his egg rather unceremoniously at the larger end, and scoops out the contents as if it were soup.

The *modus operandi* of the American is to order a hard-boiled egg, crudely cut it in two with a knife, deftly remove the contents of each half from the shell and place them in a glass with some butter and a plentiful supply of pepper and salt. The egg is chopped up finely and thoroughly incorporated with the other ingredients and then eaten.

The egg for the Spaniard only undergoes a semblance of boiling, not being allowed more than a minute to cook at the outside. He then roughly breaks the egg open, tips the contents into a glass and drinks it off as if it were a draught of liquor. Failing a receptacle into which to pour the contents, he breaks the egg open at one end, places it to his mouth and gulps it down.

If you see a chef place an egg in a vessel containing perfectly cold water and set it upon the fire to boil slowly, and directly the water boils remove the egg, you may rest assured that the egg is for an Italian. He contends that this is the right and only way to cook eggs. When the egg is served up he breaks it in half and pours the contents on to a plate and sops it up with bread.

GO TO PARIS

If you want to really enjoy yourself during the Bank Holiday. The whole trip can be done from the Friday night till Tuesday morning at a cost of only £2 12s. 6d.

Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing the above amount in postal orders.

If you Prefer BRUSSELS and WATERLOO,

you may make this trip for £2 0s. 6d., which includes an admission ticket to the Exhibition.

Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing £2 in postal orders.

The whole of the arrangements are undertaken by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son.

A medal is given by the ATHLETIC RECORD to everyone who makes 50 runs or does the hat trick.

HE COULD NOT BE SURE.

WHILE a Scottish regiment was on the march in India from one station to another, the doctor, as is usual at certain camps on the line of march, paraded the men for inspection, and on going his rounds made one man a prisoner for having dirt-begrimed knees.

The next morning the officer ordered him to headquarters; and asked him the reason why he didn't wash his knees.

"Weel, sir," replied Scottie, "there was a dizzen or mair o' us in a'e bine, an' I ken this much that I washed a pair o' knees, but whether they were mine or no I canna swear."

THE CABMAN SCORED AS USUAL.

A CERTAIN well-known gentleman of title is known to be very close, and on one occasion tendered a cabman a shilling for driving him from Bond Street to Victoria Station. This roused the ire of cabby, who, examining the shilling critically, sarcastically inquired whether it was a good one.

"Yes, my man," drawled the Duke; "and I require no impudence either."

"But can't you make it eighteenpence?" pleaded the cabman coaxingly.

"Certainly not," replied the Duke; "besides, you came a long way round. Why didn't you cut through St. James's Park, my man?"

"'Cos it's closed," replied the cabby, after a moment's hesitation, "that's why."

"Closed! Why, how's that?"

"Well, they said as the Dook lost a threepenny-piece in there, and the park's closed until they find it."

THE CAT HAD TAIL FEATHERS.

IN the unpremeditated manner peculiar to the feline tribe an office cat took it into its head to die. What were the clerks to do with the corpse? was the question. No back garden to bury it in; to throw it into the road was illegal; but it could not remain in the office.

One of them had a brilliant idea. Procuring a common flat basket from the nearest fishmonger's, he sewed poor pussy's body up in it, leaving a couple of pheasant's tail feathers protruding.

Going out, he got on the outside of an omnibus and placed the basket on an empty seat in front of him, and stayed to watch the "game."

Presently a seedy individual took the vacant seat, and after a furtive glance round proceeded to sidle up to the supposed basket of pheasants, and finally sneaked it under his coat.

At the next stopping place the seedy one made off with his booty, leaving the ingenious young man to congratulate himself on the success of his little plot.

SAVED FOR HIS FAMILY.

IT is told of a famous Australian lawyer that he was once engaged as counsel for the defence in a Queensland murder case. The case looked hopeless. No evidence was submitted for the prisoner, and, believing that the case was won, the Government attorney made only a few perfunctory remarks in conclusion.

Then the lawyer for the other side began in a quiet, conversational tone. No reference was made to the murder, but he drew a vivid picture of a pretty country cottage, a loving wife preparing supper, three ruddy-faced youngsters looking up the road to see "papa" coming home to supper. Suddenly the speaker stopped. Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, in a tone which started the whole court-room:

"Gentlemen, you must send him home to them!"

A roar of applause followed, and one old grizzled juror blurted out:

"We'll do it, sir—we'll do it!"

The advocate sat down, while the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.

The prisoner, with tears streaming down his cheeks, wrung his counsel's hands; but between his sobs he managed to say:

"No other man in the world could have done that. Why, sir, I have no wife or children!"

"OUR servant is crazy about cycling."

"Does she ride much?"

"Ride! She gets on her machine to hang out the washing."

"THEY say, Grumpy, that the Queen has sixty pianos and doesn't play any of them."

"I'm a bit hard up this summer, but I'll buy my daughter fifty-nine more if she'll follow the Queen's example."

BEGGAR: "Ain't ye got a shilling for a poor blind chap?"

Old Gentleman: "Why, you are only blind in one eye."

Beggar: "All right, make it sixpence, then."

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

1.—FACTS ABOUT FRANCE.

THE French language contains at least 13 per cent. of useless words.

THE population of France is on the down-grade, the birth-rate being only 22 per 1,000.

THERE are about 2,000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

LIBRARY students in Paris now frequently wear "muzzles" when perusing the old books in the National Library, to prevent the inhalation of the book microbes into their lungs.

MANY of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labour, and earn about one shilling and fivepence a day. Half of this they are allowed to spend for extra food, postage, etc., and the rest is saved, to be given to them on their discharge.

IN round numbers there are 2,..0 journals in Paris. One hundred and seventy of these are political organs, over 100 each of fashion papers and illustrated journals, some 120 medical papers, over 200 financial papers, and about 60 dealing with the turf and other branches of sport.

THE French method of administering castor-oil to their ailing children is truly characteristic. The oil is poured into a pan over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it, and the mixture well stirred. The omelette thus made is served with a little salt, sugar, or a spoonful of currant jelly.

THE injection of morphine is a habit that is, unfortunately, on the increase in France, especially amongst the middle classes. On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris at least 50,000 victims of the morphine habit, the majority of whom are women.

SOME time ago it was discovered that the crimson-hued lobsters and cray-fish in the great central markets of Paris owned their brilliant colouring to a liberal application of red paint, which gave the stalest fish an appearance of pristine freshness. Several prosecutions took place, and the offenders were convicted of adulteration and fraud.

IN France, a boy born on French soil, of parents, one of whom may be English, but born in France, is regarded as French, and is liable to conscription. He might, perchance, have to fight against his own brother if England and France ever went to war, because if the brother were born in England, not even an Anglo-French father could make him French.

THE most rapid advance in the value of any article in philately—the collection of stamps—has been in the French post-cards, issued in commemoration of the Tsar's visit to Paris. If they happen to have been through the post on the day of his Majesty's arrival in the city, and are therefore cancelled with the stamp of that date, that fact is sufficient to enable them to find ready purchasers at 4s. each. Had anyone had any idea there would have been such an advance, he might have addressed say five hundred post-cards to himself, the little pile of missives would then have been worth £100.

WE have seen monkeys with jackets and dogs in blankets, but it remains for a little French actress, Anna Held, to order a tailor-made suit for her two horses, if reports be true. The suit consists of trousers buttoned down to the hoof over white gaiters; a coat fitting snugly over the back, buttons across the chest, and a hood that fits closely over the head. This delectable outfit is constructed from English goods, with a large check pattern, and is sufficiently warm in the coldest weather to protect the French cobs against the changeable climate. Miss Held drives them tandem, in a high vehicle, with a cockaded footman perched up behind.

A LARGE trade in human hair is carried on in France. Some of the peasant women in that country are often induced to part with their long hair for a few shillings, which when sold in Paris will sometimes realise as much as £5. In convents where the hair is always shorn, a good trade is done, and not very long ago one of these large establishments sold a ton of hair for £4,000. Frequently the hair is cut from corpses, but "dead hair" is of less value than that cut from a living person. An important part of the business of collecting human hair is done in the streets of Paris, where the rag and bone men are said to gather an average of 100lb. a day.

I HEREBY CERTIFY *that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE has been paid up to August 31st, 1897, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 55, and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the coupon on page i. of Supplement.*

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd. Rich. J. Paull

HE WAS THE BELL.

AT a Turkish bath in Paris a visitor patiently submitted to the various operations of rubbing, kneading, and pommelling comprised in the treatment.

When the shampoo was over the attendant dried him with a towel, after which he dealt the patient three heavy, sounding blows with the flat of his hand.

"Good gracious!" the victim ejaculated, "what did you strike me for?"

"Ah, monsieur, don't let that trouble you," was the reply; "it was only to let the other man know I have finished with you, and that he is to send the next customer. You see, we haven't a bell in this room."

THE LAST MATCH SAVED THEM.

THE ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like surface of the sea, or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone.

The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck, and requested the passengers to also come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match that you have."

Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed.

The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket, and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavoured to light it.

In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails, and the good ship *Mary Ann* sped through the waves on her course.

HOW MANY LEGS HAS A FOWL?

PAT MCCARTHY gave a dinner, to which he invited three or four of his neighbours. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken. When dinner was served, Pat took possession of the carving knife, and, in a most hospitable tone, said to Mrs. Dugan:

"What part of the fowl will you have?"

"A leg, if you please," was the answer.

"An' what part will yez have? Would yez loike some of the white?" Pat inquired of Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each answered, the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have, Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbour.

"Oi balave Oi will take a leg, too," said Moike, in his most modest way, wishing to follow the footsteps of his company.

"Begorra," said Pat to Mickey, "what does yez think Oi'm carving—a centipede?"

WHAT IS A WULBARK?

IN America the building in which children are taught is known as the schoolhouse. This knowledge is necessary for you to appreciate the following story sent me by an Irish reader living in Maine.

The Government school inspector was addressing the annual teachers' gathering. Clearing his throat pompously he began thus:

"The schoolwark is the bulhouse of civilisation. I mean—a——"

A slight pause ensued, then he continued:

"The bulhouse in the schoolwark of civ——"

An invisible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of——"

The inspector was evidently disconcerted. However, he plucked up courage.

"The schoolbul is the housewark——"

An audible snigger spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scouschool——"

He was getting wild; so were his hearers. He mopped his fevered brow, gnashed his teeth, and came up to the scratch again.

"The schoolhouse, my friends——"

A sigh of relief went up. A—h—h! At last he had conquered his wayward tongue. He gazed suavely about. The light of triumphant self-confidence was once more enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the wulwark——"

And that was all.

NIGHT CLERK: "Wake up, wake up, sir! There are burglars in the billiard-room!"

Proprietor (sleepily): "Charge 'em eighteen pence an hour."

"BILLY, do you see that knot in the boa-constrictor's tail?"

"Yes, I s'pose he put that there hisself so that he wouldn't forget to eat that 'ere rabbit. Didn't yer never put a knot in yer hankercher to remember suthin?"

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

To Improve the Flavour of Coffee, after placing it in the percolator, always sprinkle over it a few grains of salt. This has been found to bring out the flavour.

Blistered Hands. Rub the palms of the hands well with methylated spirit before rowing, and as long as any tenderness is felt continue to do so on retiring each night. (*Reply to* H. FAWSON.)

The Mahogany Cement Recipe. Melt beeswax (four ounces), then add Indian red (one ounce), and enough yellow ochre to produce the required tint. This you will find very useful for filling up the cracks and holes in your mahogany.

Fruit Jellies are more wholesome for children and invalids than jams, as the seeds and skins, which are indigestible, are removed. Jellies are also more convenient in many cookery recipes for sweet dishes and sauces. I should urge all my readers to make black currant jelly for sore throats.

Scrubbing Brushes, when not in use, should be kept in any airy place, with the bristles down. Thus treated, the brushes will last twice as long, for common sense will tell you that if stood the other way the water will run down and soak into the back, loosening the bristles, whether they be glued or wired.

Supper Eggs. Boil as many eggs as you wish to serve, for six minutes, then take out, dip for two seconds into cold water, crack and peel off the shells and cut the eggs in half lengthwise, spread the flat part of each egg with fresh butter, dust with cayenne pepper, and salt and set in the oven till very hot. Arrange in a circle on a hot dish and pour thick brown gravy round.

To Clean Silver so Badly Tarnished by Gas as you say is not easy with plate powder only. Try this recipe: Pour half-a-pint of boiling water on to a teaspoonful of crushed ammonia, and when cold moisten the plate powder with the liquid. Let the powder lie on the articles for half an hour, then rub off, and polish as usual. After two or three cleanings, you will find that all traces of havoc worked by the gas will be gone. (*Reply to* BEATRICE N.)

Stuffed Tomatoes. Once more let me remind my readers of this delightful dish. Procure six large tomatoes, scrape out the centres, and place them in a basin. Add to them an equal quantity of finely minced meat. Season with pepper, salt, a little mustard, and a pinch of sweet herbs. Make into a good consistency by adding, if necessary, a little cream or butter. Fill the tomatoes, place them on a tin, and let them bake in a moderate oven. Serve with or without gravy, according to taste, with a tiny sprig of parsley on the centre of each tomato.

To Make Good Wheatmeal Bread. Take six pounds of wheatmeal, and make a well in the centre of it when in the pan. Take two ounces of German yeast, add to it a tablespoonful of treacle and work together till smooth in a little tepid milk and water. Pour the dissolved yeast into the centre of the flour, scatter salt over the flour, stir in the flour from the sides, adding more milk and water as required to work in the dough. Then flour the hands and knead the mass into a smoot soft dough. Grease the tins, and bake in rather a hot oven. (*Reply to* FLORENCE.)

Children Dislike being Coddled very much, generally speaking, and boys especially; it is to them being placed on the same footing with the girls. Many mothers have adopted sleeping suits for their little ones; but when they reach the age of seven or eight find it a necessity to return to the nightgown or shirts, owing to the little folks growing so fast. The nightshirt (No. 3570) shown in the margin should therefore appeal to many of my readers, for they may safely indulge in this style of night attire for their boys, now that the restlessness of infancy is a thing of the past, resuming pyjamas when there is no likelihood of their being outgrown. The pattern is stocked at 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, W.C., for a child of from six to eight, and may be had post free for 6½d.

Lemon Juice will remove roughness and stains of vegetables from the hands, for this purpose a lemon that has been squeezed for cooking will answer perfectly.

For a Sick Headache try taking the juice of a lemon squeezed into a wineglassful of water. Do not add sugar, or the result will be less good.

Dried Hams, Tongues, etc. should always be stored in a cool dry place. For this kind of meat avoid a cellar, even in summer, as it is never really dry. (*Reply to* TASMANIA.)

To Remove Grease from Wall-Papers. Hold a piece of clean blotting-paper over the spot and press a warm flat-iron over it. Repeat this operation till the grease is out. (*Reply to* N. T. S.)

A Dainty Pudding. Cut the remains of a cold plum pudding into long fingers, lay these crossways in a greased basin, pour sufficient good batter in to fill the basin. Steam for one hour. Turn out to serve, and pour wine sauce round.

Washing Black and White Sateen. An excellent way is to wash the dress in a soapy lather which has a very little pearlash mixed in it. The rinsing should be done rapidly, the material wrapped in dry cloths, and passed through a wringer or mangle.

When Weighing Groceries always put a sheet of thin paper on the scales first, for this saves time in emptying the scales and washing. To insure always having a piece of paper at hand in a spare half-hour, cut up a quantity of pieces to a convenient size, thread on to a string, and hang on the inside of the store cupboard door.

Lemon Kali. Take half a pound of powdered white sugar, four ounces of citric acid (powdered finely), the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda, and half a drachm of essence of lemon. Mix all together, pass twice through a wire sieve, and store in a wide-mouthed bottle. The essence of lemon should be very fresh, and the Kali always tightly corked.

Egg Cutlets for a Picnic. Chop small two or three hard-boiled eggs, add to them two tablespoonfuls each of breadcrumbs and grated cheese, a pinch of curry powder, cayenne and salt to taste. Mix all with the yolk of an egg, shape like cutlets, dip into beaten egg, then into breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. Drain very dry on paper.

The Value of the Toothbrush is not sufficiently recognised by suffering humanity as a saver of expense and pain. A good stout toothbrush, plenty of warm water, and a little good tooth powder, used night and morning, keeps the teeth healthy, and affords a greater safeguard against diseases than many better known precautions.

Portuguese Mutton, such as you describe should be prepared thus: Take a leg of mutton which has hung for three or four days, crush a tablespoonful of salt and rub it into a small piece of minced garlic, a bay-leaf, and a gill of vinegar. Rub the mutton all over with this, repeat the rubbing again after three hours, and let it stand till next day. Then roast in the ordinary way. (*Reply to* ALPHONSE.)

Try this Wash for your Plants, which are so spoiled by blight; apply it with a syringe or a sponge as you find best, according to the variety of plant attacked. Take a small handful of tobacco and steep it in boiling water till the water looks like rather weak tea. When the ~~water~~ is cool, it is fit for use, with a sponge or soft cloth, reduce the strength of the infusion with more water, and thoroughly wet the earth round the roots. This does a great deal towards keeping the plants healthy, and destroys the insects. (*Reply to* DON.)

To Bottle Plums. Gather when quite dry and ripe, reject any plums that are split or bruised. Fill the bottles with fruit, shake into each bottle five ounces of caster sugar. Tie a piece of bladder lightly over each bottle, and moisten it. Put the bottles upright in a fish-kettle or large sauce-pan of cold water and place a little hay under and between the bottles, to prevent their breaking. Let the pot boil gently till the fruit appears cooked. Take the pan off the fire and let it stand till the water is quite cold, then dry the bottles and put away, placing them where they will not have to be moved till wanted for cooking. Bottled fruit is often ruined by being moved and shaken, for it sets up fermentation. The bladders should be moistened while the cooking is going on, and should any burst, immediately cover the bottle with a fresh piece. If you follow these directions thoroughly, I have no doubt that your plums, will be equal, if not superior, to those you had in Germany. (*Reply to* DAISY GAY.)

To Destroy Moss on Trees. Paint with whitewash made of quick-lime and wood ashes. (*Reply to* TOM.)

A Dirty Coffee-pot will spoil the strongest infusion. It is advisable therefore to wash and dry it daily after use.

Always Put the Sugar Used in a Tart in layers with the fruit, not on the top, as it is very apt to make the crust sodden.

Always Bathe either Before Breakfast or wait till two hours after that or any other meal, so that the digestive organs will have a chance of doing their work properly.

To Whiten the Hands. Mix thoroughly two ounces of eau-de-Cologne, two ounces of lemon juice, six ounces of powdered brown Windsor soap. When hard, use for washing the hands instead of ordinary soap.

Delicate Black Coffee. Into each cup to be served, to those who like sugar, put a lump which has had its many sides rubbed on to lemon peel When the sugar is dissolved, the benefit of the extra labour will be appreciated.

Glass which has Grown Dull can be greatly brightened and will look almost equal to new if washed with diluted hydrochloric acid and afterwards rubbed with moistened chalk or whiting. The proper solution of hydrochloric acid can be bought very cheaply of any chemist. (*Reply to* CAREFUL WOMAN.)

To Make Boiled Potatoes Look White and Mealy, boil them in as little water as possible, strain and take them at once to an open door and give them a vigorous shaking in a draught. Then place the sauce-pan, with the lid off, at the side of the stove for five to ten minutes. (*Reply to* MOUSE.)

Apple Cake. Place a thin layer of short pastry on a round baking tin, pinch up the edges with the fingers so as to make a little ledge round the cake. Peel and cut in two some large apples, carefully take out the core, and slice them, then arrange in circles round the paste, one slice overlapping the other. Sprinkle with ground cinnamon and sugar, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a steady oven. When cold, divide into pieces, sift more sugar over and serve. (*Reply to* YORKSHIRE READER.)

Two Recipes for Cooking Ox Cheek. Stuffed and Braised.—Remove all the bones carefully lay flat on a board, season highly with pepper and salt, and spread half a pound of sausage meat over. Roll up the meat tightly and tie with wide tape. Cut up an onion, a turnip, a carrot, a head of celery and a tomato, lay these in a wide bottom stew-pan, place the ox cheek on the vegetables, and enough stock to come half way up the meat. Put some peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a bouquet of herbs on the joint, cover with buttered paper, and braise steadily for about three hours, basting the meat constantly. When done, take off the tape, set the meat on a hot dish, strain the stock, boil it, add a little flour as thickening, and if necessary colour. Pour over the meat. *Hashed Ox Cheek.*—Cut up the cold ox cheek into neat slices, fry an onion in one ounce of dripping or butter till brown, then take it out, add a tablespoonful of browned flour, and stir in slowly a teacupful of stock. Boil up the sauce, add a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, a teaspoonful of anchovy, pepper, salt, and a lump of white sugar. Let this sauce get cold, add the meat, reheat the whole, and simmer gently for an hour. Serve with chopped parsley scattered over, and sippits of toast.

Isobel

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1897. APRIL.					MAY.					JUNE.					JULY.				
	4	11	18	25		2	9	16	23	30		6	13	20	27		4	11	18	25
M	5	12	19	26	M	3	10	17	24	31	M	7	14	21	28	M	5	12	19	26
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F	2	9	16	23	30	F	7	14	21	28	F	4	11	18	25		F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24		S	1	8	15	22	29	S	5	12	19	26	S	3	10	17	24	31

AUGUST.						SEPTEMBER.						OCTOBER.					
	1	8	15	22	29		5	12	19	26		3	10	17	24	31	
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F	6	13	20	27		F	3	10	17	24		F	1	8	15	22	29
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S	5	12	19	26	S	5	12	19	26

POVERTY OF BLOOD.

No Woman should fail to take "Jolly's Duchess Pills."

NATURE intends all women to be lovely. Health and Happiness are the greatest Beautifiers, and Anæmia, or Poverty of Blood, is Beauty's greatest enemy. An Anæmic person may be known by a pale, waxy, and bloodless complexion and colourless lips. This is usually accompanied or followed by indigestion, or debility, or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits, and fatigue after slight exertion, faintness, nausea, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation, and coughs. When these are neglected, more serious affections frequently follow, such as chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy, and consumption.

Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore colour, health, strength, and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

Anæmia it is which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry colour from the lips. But to restore these all that is necessary is to send 2s. 6d. for a box of Jolly's "Duchess" Pills, containing 50 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure.

Write for a circular containing full particulars, and many testimonials of cures effected by this invaluable remedy.

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BERRY'S BLACKING IS THE BEST

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHAT A DELICIOUS FRUITY ODOUR!

THIS is the remark made by a lady when visiting one of her friends. The hostess was engaged in making jellies, and she replied: "Yes! I had just been thinking the same myself, as I stirred these blocks of jelly in a basin of hot water." Such remarks as the foregoing are of constant occurrence in hous holds where Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies are used. Naturally enough, because the jellies are flavoured with the delicious juices of freshly gathered raspberries and strawberries, grown on their own farms by Messrs. Chivers' and Sons, or as in the case of orange and lemon, as the juices are expressed from the best ripe imported fruit. Prepared in silver-lined pans, and handled by silver-lined ladles, no possible contamination of impurity can detract from Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. They are so nutritious, wholesome, and digestible as to warrant their inclusion as a regular item in the domestic dietary. It is very rare indeed that an article comes to the consumer with such hall-marks of delicacy, flavour, purity of material, and cleanliness of manufacture as are possessed by Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. Sold by Grocers and Stores, in packets. Half-pints, Pints, and Quarts, 2½d., 4½d., and 8d. A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of post-card, mentioning this paper. Address: S. Chivers and Sons, Histon, Cambridge.

So Thirsty.

There is nothing like lemonade for quenching thirst during hot weather Lemonade of first-class quality can be made instantaneously by usiug

SHARP'S CONCENTRATED LEMONADE

This is the very essence of the choicest selected lemons, & the mere addition of cold water makes a deliciously cool and refreshing beverage

Special Prizes.—The three customers who return the largest number of wrappers from the bottles will each receive a dozen solid silver tea spoons. For particulars see wrappers

Sold by all grocers, in bottles, each containing sufficient for two gallons for 4½d., or free by post for 6d. from SHARP & CO., Fruit Factors, 8, The Rink, Maidstone.

See that you get Sharp's.

Tea.

Nothing can be more refreshing than a cup of good tea. A big sample of carefully selected tea, making a delightful beverage, which will not harm your digestion, will be sent, and also a refined nickel spoon, for two penny stamps. JOHNSON, JOHNSON & CO., Ltd., 50, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON.

WRITE TO-DAY.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS

Wear the New American Shoulder Brace. The Most Perfect Brace Made.

Prevents anyone becoming Stooped or Round Shouldered

ALL SIZES: Men's and Women's, 32in. to 42in., 3s per pair. Boys' and Girls', 2s per pair.

Send Chest Measure and Amount in Postal Order, and we will send them Post Paid.

For Sale at D. M. MELDRUM & CO'S.

13 & 15, REFORM ST., DUNDEE.

The Easiest / The Cheapest / The Cleanest } Mode of Cooking.

THE "ALBIONETTE" is the Cooker of the Future.

THE only perfect Oil Cooking Stove; performs every Cooking operation at one and the same time at one third the cost of COAL or GAS. Heat regulated to a nicety. "Lit and Extinguished in a Moment. "Our Latest and Best."

The result of 25 years' experience.

All other Oil Stores are now old-fashioned. Sold by all Stores and Ironmongers. Illustrated Catalogue free, from

RIPPINGILLE'S ALBION LAMP CO., BIRMINGHAM.

28,000 SLAUGHTERED.

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Unsolicited Testimonial.

Bilston, July 31st, 1896.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed 2½oz. of flies that have been destroyed by two of your Fly Papers. According to my calculation (10,000 to the ounce), the number here represents about 25,000. My establishment is now practically free from flies. Yours faithfully, W. GRIFFIN.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY.

WILLIAM MATHER Ltd., Dyer St., Manchester.

The Golden Nugget Ointment

(MADE FROM AN OLD FAMILY RECIPE) IS A

CERTAIN CURE FOR PILES,

CUTS, WOUNDS, SORES, BURNS, &c.

Price 1/1½ per Box, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, or 1/3 per box, Post Free, from—

WILTON & CO. LTD.,

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If your Chemist or Stores do not keep it, write direct to Manufacturers, where a large number of original testimonials may be seen.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

CORDIAL

THE BEST PROCURABLE.

Purchasers should insist on having "ROSE'S CORDIAL" in the original Bottles engraved with the Lime Fruit as Trade Mark.

Sample Jar, post free, 7½d. and 1/3. PLUMTREE, SOUTHPORT.

Delicate in Flavour, Superior in Quality.

Sold everywhere in 6d. and 1s. Jars.

For Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea.

As shown by the Certified Analysis of Dr. Stevenson Macadam, VIMBOS is SUPERIOR to any other Fluid Beef.

VIMBOS

PRINCE OF FLUID BEEF.

Is admittedly the best basis on which to build up a Sound, Healthy Constitution.

Send post-card for sample, which will be sent post free to any address on mentioning *Pearson's Weekly.*

Offices and Warehouse: 130, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C. Works: EDINBURGH.

TO THE DEAF.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head after fourteen years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of the remedy post free.—Address, B. CLIFTON, Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MOIR'S—THE SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE.

Awarded 31 Gold Medals.

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Facsimile of "DOLLY" Specialities.

"DOLLY" Blue.

NOTICE.—"Dolly" Blue is neatly tied in a white bag to a small handle to hold by whilst using. It is the cheapest Blue in the market. "Dolly" Blue is sold by all grocers and oilmen at 1d. a Bag.

"DOLLY" Cream and Tints.

"Dolly" Cream Colour for Tinting Curtains, Muslins, Laces, Silks, Blouses, &c., a Rich Cream Shade.

"Dolly" Tints manufactured in 6 Shades—Pink, Terra-Cotta, Old Gold, Heliotrope, Sea Green, and Canary Yellow, for Tinting faded Ribbons, Laces, &c.

Their respective Shades sold everywhere, 1d. per Bag. Will wash out when required.

"DOLLY" Fast Dyes.

The "Dolly" Dyes are fast on Wool and Cotton alike, and will not wash out or fade. "Dolly" Dyes are not tints, but are solid colours, viz., Black, Brown, Blue, Green, Red, and Maroon.

PRICE 3d. EACH DYE. "Dolly" Dyes for Home Dyeing are sold by all Grocers and Oilmen. The "Dolly" Specialities are manufactured only by

WM. EDGE & SONS Limited, BOLTON, LANCS.

POLISHING—A PLEASURE!

STEPHENSON'S FURNITURE CREAM

WILL NOT FINGER MARK.

Also PEERLESS CARPET and CLOTH SOAP, unsurpassed for Cleaning and Renovating Carpets, &c.

STEPHENSON BROS., BRADFORD.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

On receipt of postal order for amount, parcels of 3 lbs. 6 lbs and upwards will be sent carriage paid, direct or through nearest agent.

NATIONAL TEA UNION LIMITED, MINORIES, LONDON E.

COURT-OF APPEAL.

A SHORT time ago I offered a prize of a guinea to the sender of the address of the house which, while never being uninhabited, has escaped for the greatest length of time from witnessing the final tragedy of human life. It appears that Hope House, Middleton-in-Teesdale, Durham, now inhabited by Mr. Matthew Hutchinson, has been inhabited for nearly 200 years, and yet has never been the scene of a death. It forms part of the estate belonging to Mr. Timothy Hutchinson, of Eggleston Hall, and at one time was a public-house at which travellers on the way from Westmoreland to Newcastle used to call. It is now used as a farmhouse. The guinea has been forwarded to Mr. W. Lee, of Nelson Row, Middleton-in-Teesdale, who is responsible for this piece of information. One remarkable feature in connection with this competition is the number of houses which have been inhabited for fifty, sixty, and even seventy years without any death occurring within their precincts.

I WISH to draw your very special attention this week to the opening chapters of the new serial which appears on page 57. Mr. Max Pemberton tells me that he considers it one of the most powerful serials he has yet produced, and I am sure this is an opinion which all those who are wise enough to read it will verify.

H. T. writes: "Can any of your readers inform me why the chair in which the Pope is carried on state occasions is called gestatorial?"——I have no doubt that a great many of my readers could. To do this they would merely have to turn up any intelligent dictionary. One definition of the word gestation is the act of wearing clothes or ornaments; another, exercise in which one is borne or carried, as on horseback or in a carriage, without the exertion of his own powers. No prize accordingly.

WRITING from Petersburg, a correspondent mentions an interesting fact in a letter that he has kindly addressed to me. He says:

An employer of labour near this city has adopted a decidedly novel way of selecting his workmen. Strength, alertness, and manliness are the three characteristics that he looks for, and what better criterion could be find than to put men to the test of athletic rivalry? He goes to the market, where men are waiting, as in the scriptural days, for hire, and organises contests in wrestling, running, and lifting weights. The reward that awaits the victors is employment.

I should think, however, that this method of selection would ill serve the requirements of many trades, since the puny figure and the more imposing intellect are so often linked together.

THE Article on "How Newspapers Get Their News" seems to have aroused considerable interest amongst readers. In view of this fact I should like to say that Mr. John Boon was the hero of more than one of the incidents mentioned in the first article. Mr. Boon is the Editor of the "Exchange Telegraph Company," and he, together with Mr. F. W. Higgins, the electrician, is responsible for all the work emanating from the busy editorial office in the Haymarket.

MOTHER FROM LONDON.—You have only one absolutely safe course open to you; this is to forbid your children to eat anything they may gather out of doors without express permission. Not only fruits and berries, but leaves and flowers must be vetoed. I mention the two last particularly, because it is a childish instinct to carry to the mouth, if not actually to swallow, anything which pleases the eye. It was only recently that an account appeared in the papers of some children who died from eating buttercups. They ate the buttercups, not because they were hungry, but because the flowers looked nice; but, like many other beautiful things, the buttercup tribe numbers several plants that are not so harmless as they look. One of these is the plant that country people know by the name of "monk's-hood," from which aconite, that powerful drug and potent poison, is obtained. Another plant belonging to this family is the mandrake, from which podophyllin is obtained, whose use in liver complaints is well known. What is true of the beautiful buttercup is true of many other gay deceivers in the wonderland of flowers and foliage. One should take to heart the cautiousness of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was once at a dinner-party offered a salad made from some wild plant. "Thank you, I will not have any," he said gravely; "I'm not a cow!"

G. F. G.—There is no need to apologise; I am very glad to hear from you. Besides, your inquiry is not so foolish as you appear to suppose may be the case. On American railways the engine-drivers—or engineers, to use the Yankee expression—are not so restricted as they are at home. Consequently, if a man wishes to have the experience of riding in front of the engine they will often grant the required permission. The cow-catcher that is invariably attached to an American locomotive, is a kind of iron railing shaped like the bows of a vessel. If you care to find a seat upon it during the daytime and run the risk of catching cows and things you may; at night time the dangers of the position are too real to be pleasant. They include, for instance, charging such substantial impediments as the trunk of a fallen tree. So long as they can see the track clearly the engine-drivers naturally avoid any more substantial obstacles than stray cattle, and they do what they can to escape even the unpleasant necessity of running into a cow. They reduce speed and solemnly toll the big bell, with which every engine is equipped; but if this and the unearthly warnings of the whistle are both useless, it is full speed ahead, and so much the worse for the cow. Since the lines run across the prairie, and, indeed, everywhere else without any hedge or fence to protect them, stray cattle are frequently met with, and all along the railways in the Western States one may see the white bones of the poor victims glistening on the dry sand. The section men, as they travel over the lines each day, stop to kill any unfortunate creature that the onrushing engine has either only maimed or relinquished to what would otherwise be a lingering death. On the whole the cow-catcher is not a place one might choose from which to see the view; but at the same time the experience is not one that it is impossible to obtain with love and money!

WHAT are the fewest coins required to give all possible change out of a sovereign, not using the fourpenny-piece or half-sovereign? A solid gold pencil-case will be given to the reader who sends the first correct answer to the above question, and gold-plated pencil-cases to the next fifty. Envelopes to be marked "CHANGE," and to reach this office not later than Monday, August 9th.

HEAD GARDENER writes: "For the last twenty years I have constantly used a wheelbarrow; yet it was only the other day that I came to notice how the principle on which the barrow is built seems wrong. Whoever uses a wheelbarrow knows that a considerable portion of the weight, instead of resting on the wheel, falls on the person holding the handles. Why should not the wheel be placed in the centre?"——The cunning Celestial asked himself that question some centuries ago and made his barrows accordingly. That speaks well for the central wheel system. In China they understand the wheelbarrow problem. It is a subject they are bound to study because the streets of the towns are so narrow that ordinary vehicles cannot pass along them. This brings the barrow into constant use. It is, therefore, so constructed with the idea of saving labour that the weight falls directly over the wheel. The latter, which is generally between thirty and forty inches in diameter, is in the middle of the frame. The load is placed in latticed boxes on each side of it. When a Chinaman has anything to carry he adopts the same principle. An English labourer will put his bundle at one end of a stick and lay it over his shoulder. But "John" takes a pole instead of a stick, divides what he has to carry into two equal parts, and makes them balance one another. If he has only a spade and a pix-axe to carry he does not use his hands. Before he starts out to his work he fixes them with a scrap of rope at either end of his "carrier," and struts off looking like a pair of scales creeping over the ground.

JAMIE.—I believe the drink which stokers find most refreshing, while at their hot and arduous post, is warm water. Your second question must, I fear, remain unanswered on account of its legal nature.

J. W. asks for information on the following subject. He says: "Along the North-East coast it is said—and generally believed to be true—that any person bathing in the sea at the turn of the tide, can tell the actual moment the tide turns; that a curious sensation goes over you at the time; and, moreover, that it injures your health."——I do not know of any authentic case of the kind, but I should be very pleased to hear from readers who have anything to say in the matter.

LAVENDER writes: "Is a sleepy congregation the fault of the clergyman's sermons or of their own misfortune?"——This opens up a very big question, indeed. A lengthy monologue on a serious subject, whether it be delivered from a pulpit or from the floor of the House of Commons, or from a platform, always has a somnolescent effect on certain people. With others the bare fact of sitting still for any length of time will invariably send them asleep unless their attention is most closely engaged. One would think that the noise and motion of a railway train are hardly conducive to sleep, yet two people out of five make a point of sleeping in a train on a long journey. Some men always go to sleep when they are having their hair cut, or are being shaved. I knew one man who used to fall asleep the moment he was seated on the top of a 'bus. The most eloquent preacher would hardly be able to keep a man like this awake. On the other hand, it must be remembered that clergymen have to preach whether they are gifted orators or not. It may safely be said that not one man in fifty who mounts a pulpit ought ever to be allowed to speak in public. The fault may therefore be divided. Half the people who sleep during the sermon do so because it is dull and miserably delivered; the other half either because its brilliance is above their intellectual top-storey, or because the flesh is weak and with the best intentions the habit of their eyes to close whenever the body is still for some length of time overpowers them.

ONE striking feature in connection with this week's FRESH AIR FUND list is the substantial amounts collected by readers abroad. From Mr. T. J. Greenwood I have received the sum of £19 8s.—the proceeds of a shilling testimonial contributed by the members of the Transvaal Cyclists Union in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. When the collection was made and the question arose as to the most suitable method of disposing of the sum, the suggestion was offered by Miss Sybil Bernstein that it should be sent to the FRESH AIR FUND—a suggestion that was heartily approved by all present.

ANOTHER substantial sum comes from Sergt.-Major Bostle, of the 47th Field Battery, R.A., stationed at Hyderabad, India, who has collected £7 12s. 6d. among the non-commissioned officers and men. In conclusion the sender says: "The amount will show that although we are far away from the Old Country we love, we can still find time to think of the little ones left behind, and may God bless and prosper your good and true work!"

A FURTHER £6 5s. comes from Gunnery-Instructor Harry Dawson. This gentleman procured a dish, surmounted it by a FRESH AIR FUND placard, and placed both in such a position that as the men received their money and turned away, they were bound to see both the dish and the poster, with the result that the above goodly sum was collected, which includes contributions from the captain and officers.

HERE is another letter from a dear little person, who may enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that as the result of her efforts 6⅔ children will have a day in the country.

DEAR MR. PEARSON,

I have had a little Bazaar on Saturday, and collected 5s. for the FRESH AIR FUND.—So good-bye, I remain, your loving friend, WINNIE WOOD.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,260 14s. 9¾d.

Mrs. M. Mahony, 1s. 6d.; Three Friends, 2s. 3d.; Padre Francesco, 10s.; A Lover of the Country, 2s.; B's and C's, 6s. 6d.; Nora and Brother and Sister, 2s. 3d.; Ayr, 1s. 6d.; A. M. F. and Friends, 4s.; Sandycroft, 1s.; Capt. E. H. Gamble, £1 1s.; W. S. Batt, 6d.; W. Spencer, 1s. 6d.; T. H. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; Miss M. P. Jenkin, 3s.; Fan, 3s.; John, 5s.; Tiz, 4s.; Mrs. M. Pritchard, 5s.; C. M. Lowne, 7s. 6d.; Cherrie and Eva, 10s.; Beekeeper, 9d.; S. Pitchford, 3s. 6d.; Poor Worker, 5s.; E. B. Wakefield, £2; Commission, £1 1s.; Verdant, 1s.; A. N., 1s. 6d.; J. C. H. Griffin, 5s.; Harry Giles, 9d.; Daisie, Elsie, and Bertie, 2s. 6d.; S. L. Perkins, 3s.; Dorothy G. Chaplin, 10s.; H. B., £1; Anon, Castle Douglas, 8s.; K. and E. Rawson, 3s.; Grateful to God, 2s. 6d.; A. H. Blunden, 2s. 6d.; Mother of Five Children, 9s.; In Memory of Debenham, 1s.; Teachers, 5s. 3d.; Harry and Willie, 5s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A. M., 2s. 6d.; Cyclists of Johannesburg and District, per T. J. Greenwood, £19 8s.; P. S. and Others, 3s. 9d.; T. Y., 3s.; H. Moss, 2s.; Beanfeast, 9s.; H. J. H. (s.s. Nedjed), 11s.; J. C. Nelson (Cape Colony), £1 1s.; W. C. M., 2s. 3d.; R. E. K. D., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 10s.; Marjorie Douglas, 1s.; M. E. E. Hall, 5s.; Dorothy, 9d.; Gracie, Dora, Dorothy, Dan, and Myrtle, 9d.; Reader of P. W., 4s. 6d.; A Working Lad, 3d.; A Lonely Lass, 2s. 6d.; R. Harbord, 2s.; George, 2s. 6d.; A Few of Doxford's Fitters, 1s. 6d.; A Watford Workman, 5s.; W. R. Hall, 2s. 6d.; J. T. G., 1s.; G. M. S., 1s. 6d.; V. Farringdon and I. Llewelyn, 1s.; Lancaster, 4s.; W. R. P., 2s. 6d.; F. H., 1s. 6d.; D. 26, 2s. 6d.; Jun, 5s. 1d.; A Manchestrian, 3s.; J. Perrom, £1; One Who enjoys a Holiday, 2s. 6d.; I. H. Helps, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bridges, 5s. 6d.; Dublin, 9d.; Anon, 7s. 2½d.

COLLECTED:

Ship's Coy. H.M.S. *Barfleur*, per A. Tanner, £1 18s.; Willie Reed, 2s.; Stamford, 2s. 6d.; Maude, 10s.; Jessie Stone, 9s. 6d.; Railway Staff, etc., at Llandrindod Wells, per P. Jones, £3 5s.; Men at the Artificial Silk Co. and Friends, per L. Martin, £2; F. Green, Sgt.-Dmr., 13s.; Result of Winnie Wood's Bazaar, 5s.; Result of Bazaar held by the Misses Wybrow, Haliday, Dempster, and Muirhead, £2 13s. 7d.; J. W. Iremongel, 5s. 3d.; T. H. McCleery, £1 7s.; Officers and Men of H.M.S. *Galatea*, Hull, per H. Franks, £2 6s. 3d.; A. McDonald, 11s. 7d.; W. Betteridge, 12s.; M. Miller, 17s. 6d.; Jane Neill, 6s.; Maggie and Dolly, 4s. 6d.; Engine Dept., s.s. *Cabria*, Liverpool, 12s. 2d.; Dorothy, Jock, and Dick Macardle, 5s.; Anon, £1 3s.; Reggie Chambers, 2s. 3d.; F. H. S. and Friends, 6s. 9d.; F. Spencer, 13s. 3d.; M. Skegg, 10s.; R. Cleaver, 7s. 6d.; D. Leventon, 1s.; W. H. Poole, 2s. 1d.; A. J. Walton, 5s.; E. J. Savage, 3s.; The Misses Baynham and Davis, 8s. 6d.; H. W. G. Hutton, 5s.; N.C. Officers and Men 47th Field Battery R.A., Hyderabad, per W. Bostle, £7 12s. 6d.; Crew of s.s. *Chancellor*, Liverpool, £1; Boarders at Holland House, Mussoorie, per Mrs. Walter Troup, £1; Weston Street Board School, Southwark, £1 12s. 6d.; A. P. and E. S., 5s.; Ethel and Minnie Milnes, 6s.; Few Sick Bay Men, per E. Savilee, S.B.S., 5s.; S. E. (Nottingham), 9s.; F. C. Gilsen, 13s. 4d.; T. Hepburn, £1 6s.; H.M.S. *Forte*, Crete, per H. Dawson, £6 5s.; C. of E. Soldiers' Inst, Curragh Camp, £2 10s.; Miss H. A. Boyle, 10s.; J. Sutherland, 10s.; Cape Town, South Africa, 10s.; Bertha Furnie, 2s. 6d.; Bryan Moore, 10s.; E. Jones, 12s. 2d.; H. W. S. (Birmingham), 5s. 6d.; M. R. R., 7s. 6d.; I. Gibbs, 3s.; E. Trowsdale, 3s.; Evesham Midland Railway Staff, by Checker, 6s. 1d.; E. Sutcliffe, 3s.; A. Thwaites, 5s.; Miss M. and L. Harding, 8s. 9d.; Crew and Officers s.s. *James Hall*, 4s.; G. Hodson, £1 2s. 6d.; Children of Ullesthorpe Church of England School, 3s.; F. Martin, 5s.; Florrie Morris, 2s. 6d.

Grand Total (P.W.), £2,355 15s. 5½d.

Result of the Collection Competition for the Fresh Air Fund.

THE sheets given by Messrs. J. Gilliland and Co., of Linenhall Street, Belfast, for the largest amount collected for the FRESH AIR FUND between the 12th and 19th of July, have been won by Miss Annie Bean, 63, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey, S.E. The amount collected was £3 15s.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year s.	One Year d.	Half Year s.	Half Year d.	3 Months s.	3 Months d.
Pearson's Weekly	8	8	4	4	2	2
Home Notes	8	8	4	4	2	2
Short Stories	6	6	3	3	1	8
The Sunday Reader	8	8	4	4	2	2
Athletic Record	6	6	3	3	1	8
Pearson's Magazine	9	0	4	6	2	3
Melody	9	0	4	6	2	3
Dressmaking at Home	2	6	—		—	
Fashions for Children	2	6	—		—	
Home Cookery	1	6	—		—	

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Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (180, Pitt Street), Melbourne (362, Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7, King William Street), Montreal (4, Beaver Hall Hill), and Cape Town (33, Loop Street).

P.W. can be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248, Rue Rivoli, and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

DO YOU WEAR JEHOSEPHAT?

IF the latest additions to the nomenclature of fashionable colours be generally adopted by milliners and dressmakers, ladies will be much puzzled when they come to choose their clothes for early autumn wear.

Thus it appears that manufacturers are offering to the wholesale buyer reds distinguished as "Sport," "Cretan," and "Athenian." "Golf" and "Spiritism" are new shades of blue; some exceedingly brilliant greens have been denominated the "Asparagus" and "Erin," and silvery greys are to be known as "Aluminium" and "Nickel." "Grand'mère" is a lavender tint, and recent events in the States have made a distinction in yellows as "Dollar gold" and "M'Kinley." "Jehosephat" is hardly suggestive, but it means a grass green. "Apotheosis" is a pink, and "Recamier" is an orange.

WHERE PEOPLE WIGGLED THEIR FEET.

AT the time when the cold water cure, which made the name of Father Kneipp famous, was in the ascendant, and it was the fashion for princes and potentates to go to the little village of Woerishofen, in Bavaria, it was the custom for people to greet one another, not by shaking hands, but by wiggling their feet.

This custom, ridiculous as it may seem, had a utilitarian idea, for the ladies who supported it had their hands occupied in holding up their dresses out of the wet grass or the little brook in which they had to paddle for a prescribed time.

Another result of the system was that some of the princesses who went there used to wear gold rings on the little toe of their left foot, and this gave an added piquancy to the salutation.

MEN WHO MUST HAVE WIVES.

To nobody is a wife more indispensable than to the schoolmasters in some of the schools in rural districts.

It is almost impossible for a fully certified man to obtain a post in one of these unless he possesses a wife who is qualified to do such work as taking the girls in needlework and cookery and teaching the younger children in all subjects.

Sometimes the menial work of cleaning the school is expected of her. She is required, as a matter of course, to arrange bazaars and tea-meetings nominally organised by the patronising ladies of the neighbourhood, who take all the credit while she has all the hard work.

She has always to do the catering for the tea-meetings—at cost price—and in one case a schoolmaster, between whom and "the powers that be" there had been some friction, was given the alternative of resigning or having his wife prosecuted because she had stolen (!) three slices of bread-and-butter left over from a tea-meeting!

One has only to read a few of the advertisements in the SCHOOLMASTER to see how necessary it is for a man to be married, if he desire to obtain a post in a village school.

The combined salary cannot be regarded as anything like adequate when it is remembered that both husband and wife must be educated, and must have passed through years of training and many severe examinations before they would be permitted by the Education Department to take charge of classes.

THE SECRET OF STAGE CRIES.

E. H. SOTHERN, the actor, is said to be the inventor of the "box of shouts," or the "shout box," as it is sometimes called. In *The Prisoner of Zenda* the populace figures largely in the plot. The populace is never seen, but it is always waiting outside to shout for someone. Hence the necessity of a "box of shouts."

A tight box large enough to accommodate ten or twelve men is placed on the stage just behind the wings. Then men employed to do the shoutings are placed in this box, and compelled to remain there during the performance.

While they are in the box they will not be falling over one another at the entrances or getting in the way of the actors. Therefore, the box serves the purpose of keeping the shouters together, so that the captain may direct them. The chief value of the box, however, arises from the fact that the shouting can be turned on or off like a stream of water.

When the time comes for the crowd outside the palace to begin shouting "God save the King!" the captain gives a signal, and the ten men in the box break forth into joyous acclaim. The door in the box is thrown wide open, and the audience beyond the footlights get the impression that a thousand loyal subjects are welcoming the sovereign.

When the captain desires to end the shouting he closes the door, and instantly the voices are muffled. Ordinarily it requires about two minutes to suppress a stage mob after it has become thoroughly aroused, but by the use of the "shout box" the noise may be shut off in a moment by the closing of the door.

GOLF IN THE EMPIRE.

WHAT a tremendous hold golf has taken is shown by the fact that there are clubs in Bermuda, Jamaica, Trinidad, Penang, Penak, Singapore, Bangkok, Columbo, Hong-Kong, Adelaide, Brisbane, Geelong, Pretoria, Potchefstroom, and Bulawayo.

There are twenty-two golf clubs in India, five in Egypt, four in Melbourne, eight in New Zealand, and fourteen in Canada.

In 1888, the number of well-known clubs was 195, now there are some 1,400.

A CAMEL FOUR-IN-HAND.

LIEUT. RALPH PONSONBY, of the 28th Native Infantry in India, has devised a new method of employing the camel by harnessing four of the animals to a mail-coach in much the same way as are horses.

Instead, however, of being driven by a coachman seated on a box, each of the animals carries the regulation driver, who is seated in a saddle, and who directs the beasts as if they were going each on his own account.

The practical outcome of this experiment has been to demonstrate the fact that this coach-and-four was able to cover a distance of twenty miles in twenty minutes less time than the ordinary four-in-hand horse-coach did.

A PUNCTURE INSURANCE COMPANY.

HERE is a fortune-making notion for some enterprising insurance company, and nothing is charged them for the idea. Let them insure pneumatic tyres which are in sound condition against the risk of puncture.

At first sight the idea may not seem feasible, but as every practised cyclist knows, a puncture is by no means the frequent occurrence a good many people would have us suppose. In fact the writer rode a pair of pneumatics the whole of last year without a mishap of this kind.

With our pneumatic insurance paid, we could start off with joyful hearts, serenely content in the knowledge that should a serious puncture or blow out let us in for a night's lodging in a cycle-repairerless village, or perchance an expensive railway trip home, we may recover our expenses from the insurance company.

It is all very well to say that any cyclist can repair a puncture, but in practice this is by no means the case.

Cycle insurance is a distinct success, why not extend the idea to the air tyre?

There is a lot of money in the idea. The initial organisation might be difficult, but the difficulties are not insuperable.

SKINS OF SOLES ARE VALUABLE.

As everybody knows, some of the smallest things produce the largest fortunes, but how many, we wonder, would ever look upon the skins of soles as a valuable commodity! And yet there are three men in London who alone make very comfortable livelihoods solely by the sale of the skins of this particular species of fish.

One at first would imagine that these skins were used for making purses and such like, but nothing of the kind.

"The brewers buy them," said one of the three gentlemen to *P.W.*, "and the demand is far greater than the supply. You see, there are only a few of the largest fishmongers in London who do sufficient trade in soles for my purpose, and consequently I think myself lucky if I can procure ten tons of skins per month.

"What do the brewers do with these skins? That to a certain extent is a trade secret, but I'll risk the consequences. When they first arrive at the breweries they are boiled down to a jelly, and a certain proportion of the latter is placed for refining purposes in each barrel of beer. By this means, even in the hottest weather, the liquor may be kept fresh and sweet.

"I supply the skins I collect principally to Messrs. Charrington and Messrs. Coombes, who prefer them to the isinglass used by most brewers for the same purpose. But unfortunately my trade is limited, for no one would credit, unless they had tried, the immense difficulty experienced in procuring any number of the skins mentioned."

CYCLING INSURANCE FOR £100.

GUARANTEED BY THE OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the Editor of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a Cycle. The only condition is that the Cyclist in question must at the time of the accident be the possessor of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, August 7th, 1897.

PENNYWORTHS OF X RAYS.

EVERYTHING comes to the penny-in-the-slot machine, sooner or later. The latest thing to be supplied to the public is likely to be the X Rays.

A member of the French Academy, Monsieur Vidal, has patented a machine for supplying pennyworths of this scientific light. It is a small box, to which an apparatus looking like an ordinary camera is attached, the camera being on top of the box, which is the storage place for electricity.

When the penny is put into the slot the connection is formed, and in the space which is left between the camera and the box, the hidden substance to be investigated can be distinctly seen.

Thus, a purse placed in this space showed the coins, and the hands and arms revealed their bones just as in the ordinary way.

A REALLY BURGLAR-PROOF HOUSE.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES is one of the few men in London whose house is practically burglar-proof. All the doors leading to the outside and all the windows are fitted with an electric apparatus which connects with his room.

When he goes to bed he turns a handle, and the movement of a pointer shows whether any door has not been properly fastened. If there is one not secured, he makes it so, and then turns the handle a little more and connects every door and window to a series of bells.

The opening of any one of these starts every bell in the house ringing.

Indeed, on one or two occasions when for some reason the bells had been fixed without all the doors being fastened, a cat managed to force itself through the slightly opened door, and within half a minute everybody was awake.

SHOULD LOVERS QUARREL?

THE remarkable thing about lovers' quarrels generally is, that they are about nothing. Ask either party why they began, and they won't be able to tell you.

The method of a lovers' quarrel is rather quaint, too. Half the time it begins almost in jest; they feel so confident of their affection for each other that they can afford to spar and bite like two young tiger cubs, who only make a pretence of real violence.

But by-and-bye a scratch or a bite harder than the rest draws blood; they are up in fury in a moment, they fall to in grim earnest, and not till they have wounded each other so bitterly that there's no healing it do they realise that the play is reality after all.

There is a perverseness about lovers' quarrels that quite surpasses anything else. They will withhold forgiveness just for the sake of being further entreated; they will hold out the longer the more they want to give in. It is only after it is too late to do any good that they begin to be sorry, and then they spend their time regretting what was entirely their own fault.

There is a peril in this kind of diversion. The string that is frayed too often gives way at last. Elmira finds, after the twenty-seventh quarrel, that mere peaceful lovemaking has become excessively tame; and as for Charles, he has acquired such a profound habit of fault-finding and nagging, that he promises to make a most inferior thing in husbands. After all, if the lovemaking that is without its quarrels is a trifle dull, it is, without doubt, the safest.

FEW ORIGINAL CRIMINALS.

"ONE reason why detectives often appear to do something miraculous occasionally, is that there is after all very little originality in criminals," said a detective to *P.W.* recently.

"When a man sets out to get money by crooked means he seldom sits down and evolves a new plan. On the contrary, he evidently thinks of the smart cases he has heard of at various times, makes up his mind which suits him best, and copies the plan adopted very closely indeed.

"Hence, when the detective sets out he has, in many instances, quite a string of precedents to take as guides to the course the criminal will probably pursue.

"One case, years ago, that helped me immensely in the business, was a forgery. The man had disappeared, and left no clue whatever behind.

"I obtained access to his rooms, and found that he had developed a partiality for cutting scraps from newspapers. There was a whole drawerful of these, and I went through them carefully.

"Several had relation to forgery cases, and one cutting that appeared to be pretty badly fingered, described how a forger had got away in woman's attire.

"I worked on the theory that my bird had flown in this manner, and followed it up until I finally got on the track and captured the criminal.

"The capture was regarded as a very remarkable one, but, as a matter of fact, the runaway had left for me an exceedingly valuable clue. If he had taken the precaution to burn that cutting, he might have escaped capture altogether."

A Volunteer Song is one of the many attractive features in THE BIG BUDGET Holiday Number, now on sale. No other paper has such screamingly funny pictures. One penny—three papers.

HOW NEWSPAPERS GET THEIR NEWS.

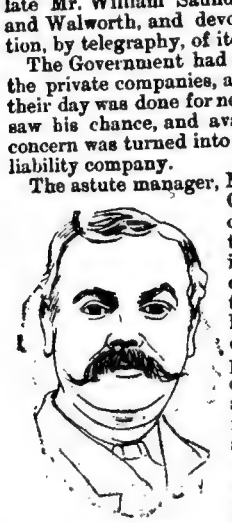
PART III.

THE CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY.

THE Central News Agency is, like its great rival in the "home" department, the Press Association, located in New Bridge Street, E.C. In fact only a few doors separate the one famous agency from the other. The Central News Agency is about thirty years old, and is an offshoot of the Central Press, which was founded some forty years ago. This agency was started by the late Mr. William Saunders, afterwards M.P. for Hull and Walworth, and devoted itself chiefly to the collection, by telegraphy, of items of "home" news.

The Government had purchased the telegraphs from the private companies, as before stated, in 1868, and so their day was done for news collecting, and Mr. Saunders saw his chance, and availed himself of it. Later the concern was turned into what it is at present—a limited liability company.

The astute manager, Mr. Moore, informed me that the Central News has a list of clients which probably exceeds that of any other such agency in the world. Certainly an hour or two spent in its offices serves to show that its staff is always kept hard at work in every department. It makes a special point of its Parliamentary report each night during the Session, and often sends out matter to fill seven or eight columns of the average daily morning paper.



MR. MOORE.

The Central News has won a great reputation for the prompt way it has of obtaining information respecting "local events," *i.e.*, home news. Thus when the *Princess Alice* was run down on that fatal day some years ago in the Thames by the *Bywell Castle*, the Central News had all the information respecting the catastrophe to itself, and had sent out columns of matter some time before the other agencies had heard of it.

Perhaps its greatest feat was one which is interesting to-day as recalling what would have been done again on the Diamond Jubilee Day had there been an inside service.

It happened at the National Thanksgiving, in 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his serious illness. How to get a full account of the ceremony inside St. Paul's was the problem, seeing that any reporter who got in would experience great difficulty in getting out till the crowd of nobles had dispersed, and this slow method won't do for the pushing news agency. So, by a clever device of Mr. Saunders, a telegraph wire was actually got into the "whispering gallery," and a full report was being sent on to the office whilst the service itself was taking place.

This smart plan, of course, left all rivals far behind, and the Central News scored one!

The Central News has, during the past fifteen years, enjoyed a high reputation amongst the newspapers of the United States. It has done some smart things in the way of cabling, and this was especially the case when Hugh O'Donnell was hanged for the murder of Carey, the Phœnix Park informer. The execution attracted the greatest interest in America, where, up to the last moment, it was believed a rescue would be attempted by the Physical Force Section. The Central News signalled from housetops the fact of the hanging to the cable office, and in seventy seconds from the time of O'Donnell's death it was known throughout the United States from Buffalo to Charleston, and from New York to San Francisco. Mr. Moore that morning hired exclusively a Transatlantic cable, and special wires were united at New York to send the fact throughout the country.

In the same way, during the great international yacht races, wires were laid to the New York Bay lightships, and to every point where a view of the race could be obtained, and the timing of the yachts at each turn and the result were known in London, through the Central News, within three minutes.

In reporting Mr. Gladstone's celebrated Midlothian speeches of 1880, this agency ran special trains to bring the copy when the telegraph offices were closed or unavailable, and this again proved its enterprise and ability to cope with difficulties. The Central News was also the first to lay down a wire, "paid out," for the annual Boat Race from Putney to Mortlake.

MR. LANYON.

A notable feature of the Central News is the success it has had with its special war correspondents. One has only to mention the names of Bennett Graham - Burleigh, Charles Williams, and Alfred Kinnear, to recognise that it has indeed been favoured in this respect. No more glowing and graphic accounts were received by any agency or paper from the last Egyptian war against Arabi Pasha, than were received by this Agency from its "special" on the spot, and for which it deservedly obtained a great name. It has also some 1,300 correspondents scattered about the British Isles, and one also in every British possession and European capital. And whilst the Central News Agency is controlled by such experienced men as Mr. John Moore, Mr. Gennings, and Mr. Lanyon, one need have no fear that it will not sustain its very high reputation.

DALZIEL'S AGENCY.

Dalziel's Agency, of which Mr. Dalziel is himself the chief director, as well as the chief proprietor, has its headquarters in Moorgate Street, E.C. Like Reuter's Agency, it deals mainly with foreign news, which it supplies to the British newspapers, leaving the collection of home items to the other various Press asssociations.

Dalziel's Agency has its own special correspondents in every continent, and by means of a system of subcentralisation and division, each continent is worked daily, and the various items of news forwarded to London, and *vice versâ*. Thus whilst there are correspondents in every separate State of America, all those in one State, say California, have their news collected at the capital of that State, and then the news from all these capitals is wired to the central station of the agency in America, at New York, from whence it is transmitted to London. Similarly, nearly all the European news is gathered from the various capitals at the Paris Agency, and is thus sent to the London central office.

Dalziel's Agency has its own private *telephone* from Paris, and often from fifteen to twenty thousand words are passed in twenty-four hours over this telephone. The average number of words cabled from New York nightly is about 2,500.

By the system just described, as Mr. Dalziel well explained, a message can be sent to all countries in connection with the agency, and hence to all papers, but it can be modified or enlarged to suit the circumstances.

In the recent carriage accident at Nice, where the lady was the daughter of a former New York Mayor, the news came to Paris on the wire, and as it was only incidentally interesting to England, a short paragraph of four lines was all that the London office sent out to British papers, whereas no fewer than three thousand words about the affair were telegraphed on to New York.

Dalziel's is especially smart in telegraphy feats. They have their own wires and operators straight to the New York cable, and hence can send a message from Moorgate Street to New York, and have the answer back in London within a space of four minutes—a feat apparently impossible, seeing it covers a distance of six thousand miles with two deliveries.

One of their great feats which, as Mr. Dalziel says, almost founded the agency, was the transmission of the account of the Birchall trial at Woodstock, Ontario, some years ago. After a tremendous amount of trouble, this agency got permission to put up a wire *in the court itself* to New York, and thus they wired *verbatim* reports to that city, and thence by cable to London. It was a costly affair, but it made the fortune of Dalziel's, so to speak, by illustrating their enterprise and push.

To this firm, too, belongs the honour of what is probably the biggest cabling feat on record, of its kind at all events. This was after the suicide of the Austrian heir, the Archduke Rudolph, when the mother of the young lady concerned brought out a book giving a full account of the circumstances of this unfortunate love affair.

By special order of the *New York World*, Dalziel's Agency cabled to it the contents of the whole book, word for word, without a break. This great newspaper feat cost the American journal £320, for there were no fewer than 16,000 words. It is not only interesting as being the longest message of the kind ever sent by an agency, but as showing the pushing rivalry and enterprise of the average American newspaper compared with its English contemporary.

If, at any time, Dalziel's get hold of any English or home news that they think sufficiently interesting to their patrons, they at once telegraph it on to the newspapers; but, as a rule, all their work lies in dealing with foreign news. They have, I was told, no fewer than 500 newspapers out of the British Isles which they supply with news daily, showing how extensive are the ramifications of this renowned agency.

"VISITORS AND NATIVES—YOUR EARS!"

THE beach at Barmouth, Aberystwyth, and Weston-super-Mare will for some days be the scene of a number of *al fresco* entertainments provided by an individual known as "The Mysterious Magician."

These entertainments will be absolutely free, but it is to be hoped that something will be contributed by the audience towards the FRESH AIR FUND which it is intended to assist.

"The Mysterious Magician's" programme will be found to be unique and startling, and of a high-class character. In fact, some of his original mysteries have been performed by him on several occasions before Royalty.

I should like you to clearly understand that no charge is made for these entertainments, and that every coin voluntarily contributed will be entirely devoted to the FRESH AIR FUND. The whole cost of the undertaking is borne by the proprietors of *Pearson's Weekly*.

When "The Mysterious Magician" has finished with these towns, he will go on to Ilfracombe, to Penzance, and to Torquay, in fact to every important seaside resort throughout England and Wales.

THE MISTAKES WE MAKE.

VI.—Some Opinions More or Less Enormous.

COMPILED BY C. E. CLARK.

Member of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association.

Deceptions about Dickens.

THE "Old Curiosity Shop," in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was not "immortalised by Charles Dickens." In the opinion of the novelist's son "the building is a complete fraud." At Broadstairs, in Kent, the name of "Bleak House" has been given to a house on the cliff above the harbour, and hence many, especially in those parts, implicitly believe that "Bleak House" was written there. In point of fact, although much of Dickens' work was done there, then known as Fort House, it so happens that "Bleak House" was one of his books on which no work whatever was done there.

Where the Palace Really Is.

THE Crystal Palace is always considered to belong to Sydenham; but it does not, for this district is entirely in Kent, while the Palace site is in Surrey, near Upper Norwood, the greater part of which is in Lambeth parish.

There were Thirty-nine Cinque Ports.

SPEAKING of Kent is a temptation to say a word about the Cinque Ports. Cinque is French for "five," but in the historical connection for more than eight hundred years has had no such significance, being really a technical term for a confederacy of *thirty-nine* ports maintaining a royal navy on out-post duty and for conveying troops for different sovereigns across to the Continent. Originally there were only five ports, but shortly after the Conquest, two others were added in Kent and Sussex. From time to time thirty-two other ports joined the association, but the name "Cinque" was still retained and promiscuously applied to any of them.

You Cannot Kiss the Blarney Stone.

AND turning for a moment to the South of Ireland also, one is reminded of the Blarney Stone. It is a matter of history that in 1825 Sir Walter Scott, while on a tour through these parts, kissed this stone, as thousands of tourists do every year. Nevertheless, their credulity, wherever the great antiquarian's may have been, is entirely misplaced, as the wonder-working stone—a block bearing the name of the founder of Blarney Castle and the date—is built into the south angle of the keep 20ft. below the top, and outside, and, therefore, since access to it is well-nigh impossible, a substitute *within* the battlements receives the will for the deed.

Mistakes about Mountains.

NINETY-NINE people out of a hundred appear to be under the impression that Mount Blanc is in Switzerland*, whereas it is wholly within the French frontier province of Haute Savoie. Next, Mount St. Elias is not the highest mountain in North America, but the peak, which is 1,511ft. higher, named after Sir William "Logan," founder of the Canadian Geological Survey. And what is more, although so patriotically scouted by some, the assertion that both mountains are in British territory has been confirmed since 1887 by the Canada-Alaska Boundary Survey. And of another mountain—Ararat: The usual statement that this was the place on which Noah's Ark rested has no foundation in the Hebrew text, which reads: "On the mountains of Ararat." Ararat was the ancient name of a *district* in Eastern Armenia, and has been used for all Armenia.

A Desert that is Fertile.

THEN there is the Kalahari. This "desert" is not the waste of sand and stone we are accustomed to imagine a desert should be, but, according to Mr. J. T. Bent, in "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," "a vast undulating expanse of country covered with timber—the mimosa or camelthorn, the mapanibush, and others which reach the water with their roots, though there are no ostensible water sources above ground. Wild animals rapidly becoming extinct elsewhere abound therein." There is no doubt about the sufficiency of water, for we read further on that the wild tribes exhibit great skill in finding it when the season is dry "by suction through a reed inserted in the ground, the results being spat into a gourd and handed to the thirsty traveller to drink."

A Town with a False Reputation.

SCIENTIFIC researchers tell us that the traditionary sites according to which the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are covered by the Dead Sea, are not geologically possible; and that the undesirable notoriety usually assigned to Yakutsh as being the coldest town on earth really belongs to Verchoyansk in the same locality which holds the record of minus 67deg. centigrade (*Geo. Soc. of St. Petersburg*).

The Freezing Point of Water is not 32deg. Fahr.

IF you keep water quite still you can get it down to much below 32deg. without solidity; in fact, it is possible to bring it actually below zero in a liquid state, but the instant you give it the least shake it solidifies in a mass. The adoption of 32deg. for ordinary purposes is based on experiments with *pure* water at the level of the mean tide at Liverpool, and water in a more or less state of agitation.

* "Mount Blanc—Switzerland," is the title of a picture in recent portfolio of famous places.

If you Bike you cannot do without the ATHLETIC RECORD'S County Road Maps.

VERY CHEAP AND VERY GOOD.

"ADVICE," says the proverb, "is cheap." So is air. So, commonly, is water. Yet air and water are each worth more than gold; and advice, even when it costs nothing, sometimes turns out to be more valuable than if every word had been a diamond. Here is a short letter that illustrates the point:

"Eight years ago," says the writer, "my daughter, Mrs. Salter, of Willingham, fell into a languid, weakly state of health. Her appetite was poor, and after everything she ate she had most excruciating pain at the chest, which would continue for hours. She also complained of great weight and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, and was unable to go about her duties. Nothing that she took did any good until *a friend called her attention to* Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After having taken the Syrup a short time all pain and distress left her, and she enjoys good health."

This was the foundation on which the advice we are about to speak of was based. Our excuse for breaking in upon the writer at this part of her letter is that the facts narrated by her naturally divide themselves into two sections. We now quote the second one:

"In March of last year (1892) my daughter Rosa began to feel ill and out of sorts. She also had a poor appetite and weight and fulness at the chest after meals. Later on *a short dry cough set in*, and she complained of pain at her kidneys. Whilst over at Willingham on a visit, *her sister, Mrs. Salter, advised her* to use the remedy that cured *her*. Believing the advice to be good, Rosa bought Mother Seigel's Syrup and began to put its virtues to the proof in her own case. In a few days the cough was gone, her appetite improved, the pain left her, and she has been in the best of health ever since. I now keep a bottle of the remedy in the house, and if I or any of the family are ailing a dose or two soon sets us right. You are at liberty to publish this statement should you desire to do so. Yours truly (Signed), Mrs. A. Flaxman, Hill House Farm, Yoxford, Suffolk, March 28th, 1893."

Another example: "As a girl," says Mrs. Maria Girdlestone, "I suffered from extreme weakness, pain at the lungs, and a hacking cough. No one thought I would live long. However, I got on fairly well up to the early part of 1890, when I was taken with a strange sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had a bad taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My appetite failed, and after eating the least thing I had an awful pain at the chest. I was troubled with cold, clammy sweats, and the cough and retching shook me greatly. In spite of all the medicines that were given me I got weaker and weaker. Indeed, *a doctor at Norwich told me I should go into a decline*. At this time *my brother advised me* to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it had benefited him, he having used it for weakness and asthma. I took the Syrup and soon felt relief. My appetite returned, my food digested, and I gained strength. So that now, whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint, I know what to do; the Syrup quickly sets me right. Yours truly (Signed) Maria Girdlestone, Marlingford, near Norwich, March 23rd, 1893."

Here we have three instances in which the value of timely and intelligent advice is very apparent. The disease was the same in all, and hence the good results of the same advice in all. The cough, which seemed to threaten consumption, the pains in the chest and kidneys, the alarming cold sweats, the weight and distress after eating, the nervous prostration and advancing weakness are all symptoms of the *one complaint*—which attack all and deceive so many—namely, indigestion and dyspepsia. Men suffer from it widely, and women universally. Not the *lungs* but the *stomach* is the trouble nine times out of ten.

Remember that, and when anybody advises you to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, take that advice, for it is based on common-sense and experience.

THE NEW LEMONADE.

Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clark and Co. have supplied the want that has so long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade, which is far more economical than the ordinary lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy in the midst of the lemon orchards. The Lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the "EIFFEL TOWER" CONCENTRATED LEMONADE. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence-halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your grocer send sixpence to G. Foster Clark and Co., 236, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

CAUTION! When ordering Citrate of Magnesia, you should take care to obtain Bishop's. Accept no bottle unless it has a pink wrapper with a full size picture of the bottle in blue and white, & the Trade Mark. Invented and prepared by ALFRED BISHOP, and recommended by the medical profession as a perfect family medicine. Sold in bottles at 1/- & 2/-. Of all chemists, or of Alf. Bishop, Ld., Mile End New Town, London.

STOUT PERSONS Should try Dr. Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills. They permanently reduce superfluous flesh, in some cases as much as 10lb. in a week. Guaranteed perfectly harmless and pleasant to take, 2s., 4s. 6d., and 10s. a box, post free from **Dr VINCENT, 47, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London.** (*Mention this paper.*)

DR. B. W. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE.

Since Dr. HAIR'S discovery of this medicine TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO, many thousands of letters have been received, testifying to its universal success, amongst others, from: **The Countess of Macclesfield, Lady Sargent, Lady Leslie, Lady Bertie, Baron Oesterreicher, General Sykes, Lieut.-General Whitlock, Colonel McDougall, Major Ross, &c.** Particulars, together with testimonials, free on application to **B. W. HAIR & SON, Drug Merchants, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.**

MACKENZIE'S PENNY BUTTER-SCOTCH SUPERB FLAVOUR. Sold Everywhere. Works: Wellclose Sq., London.

"JUNO" CYCLES Are the Very Best.

RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT. JUNO Lady's Safety £12 12s. 21s. monthly. Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any part of the world. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO. LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C. *N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.* New JUNO Riding School, 1,700ft., new open.

DON'T CUT YOUR CORNS The more you cut them the larger they grow. **SCOTT'S HERBAL PLASTER CURES** Hard or Soft **Corns, Bunions,** and **Segs,** and reduces Enlarged Toe Joints. Gives ease at once. Never Fails. Price 1/1½. Post free from **F. J. Scott, 60, Bridge St., Bolton.**

SNOW'S QUARTER TIP

AS FITTED TO THE HEEL.

SHOEMAKERS PREFER TO USE SNOW'S TIPS to any other. See the holes are **leather plugged**, or they will click and become loose. The name **SNOW** on each Tip guarantees the genuine article. Send size of Heel for a pair with two stamps to **71, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.**, if not obtainable at your Leather Seller.

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Let us draw your attention to the illustration shown herewith, and then tell you a few of the good points of

THE 'UNIVERSAL' TROUSERS PROTECTOR (Patent No. 4,787).

The sketch shows why everyone ought to use them. They are smart, clean, reliable, can be put on in one second, never slip, never tear or catch, always comfortable however small or large the ankle or leg may be, and with either thick or thin trousers. In one instant after dismounting the "**UNIVERSAL**" can be taken off, or the trousers drawn up and then allowed to drop over them.

THE "UNIVERSAL" TROUSERS PROTECTORS are smarter for the ankle than a pair of fine linen cuffs are for the wrist. One pair will last for years. Every cyclist, all who go out walking in wet weather, all who ride, every skater, all who reside in the country where the roads are rough, every sportsman or angler ought to buy the "**UNIVERSAL.**" Ask for them. *To be obtained everywhere.* Wholesale only: SPEYER, SCHWERDT & CO., 5 and 7, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

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Cut this announcement from *Pearson's Weekly*, and inclose it with all orders. **H. SAMUEL,** Largest English Watch Manufacturer, 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, and 121, MARKET STREET, **MANCHESTER.** Also at Rochdale, Bolton, Leicester, and Preston.

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Should there be more than one correct answer, the prize money will be divided. Result on August 14th. Note the address: **W. LOGAN, 38, WOODVALE AVENUE, BELFAST,** and the amount, Postal Order, 1s.

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A TEASPOONFUL IN YOUR BASIN OF SOUP IS A MARVELLOUS IMPROVEMENT, AND WITH YOUR FISH, CHOP, OR STEAK IT IS SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

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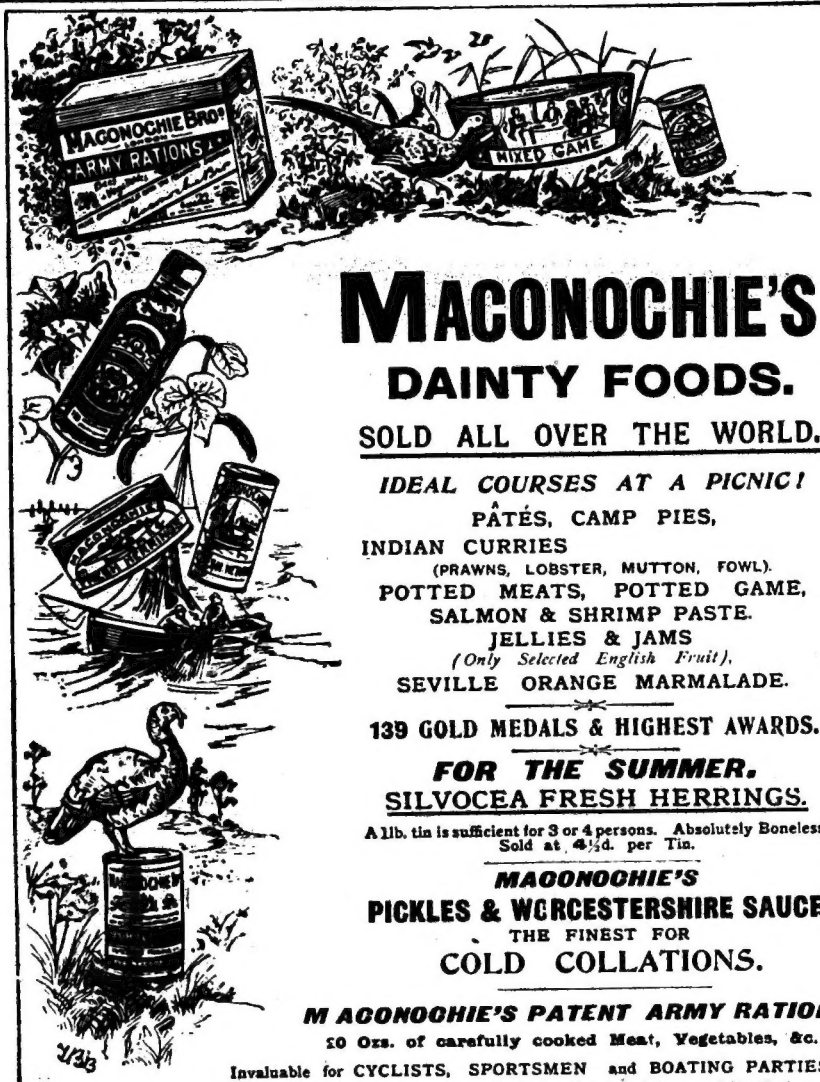

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A straight meal for 2 people. Write for Press Opinions and Particulars.

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Linen Lasts Longer.

Your Clothes delightfully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea breezes, if soaked and washed with

HUDSON'S SOAP

A FINE POWDER IN PACKETS.

☞ Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars washed with HUDSON'S SOAP are thoroughly washed, therefore remain much longer clean—*with about half the usual labour.*

ESTABLISHED NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

Who are the Happy, Who are the Free?

You tell me and I'll tell thee:
Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above and to all below,
These are the happy, these are the free,
So may it be with thee and me.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN.

Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life. Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Influenza Colds, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, etc.

USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It prevents Diarrhœa, and removes it in the early stages.
It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.
You cannot overstate its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE.

EVERYTHING but the Plainest Food Disagreed with me.—"Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.—Sir,—Allow me to express my gratitude for the wonderful PREVENTIVE OF SICK HEADACHE you have given to the world in ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' For two years and a half I suffered from Sick Headache. Five months ago I commenced taking your 'FRUIT SALT' daily, and have not had one headache during that time; whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me. I am now almost indifferent as to diet. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such a benefit.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, TRUTH."

As an Illustration of the Beneficial Effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I have no hesitation in giving the particulars of the case of one of my friends. SLUGGISH ACTION of the LIVER and BILIOUS HEADACHE affected him, so he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in affecting a cure, although persevered in for twenty-five years, and also consulting eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH; he has never had a Headache or Constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food to the great satisfaction of himself and friends. You may well extend its use *pro bono publico.* I find it makes a VERY REFRESHING and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL." (From the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)

THE VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' CANNOT BE TOLD.
Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED one.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the CAPSULE is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by*

J. C. ENO Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. Eno's Patent.

"TEREZOL" COMPETITION.

Owing to the confusion which has arisen from the many different ways competitors have read the rules of the TEREZOL Word Competition, it has been decided to extend the date for entries to August 31st, and to publish more definite rules on the points which seemed to have caused the misunderstanding. All competitors who have already sent in their list will be admitted to revised Competition without fresh coupons. Each competitor has been communicated to this effect direct.

The TEREZOL Company have the pleasure to announce that they have decided to double the amount of the first prize, making it £20 instead of £10, as some compensation for the extra trouble The remaining prizes will be as previously announced.

How many words can you make out of the letters contained in the words "TEREZOL REFLECTS"? Prizes £20, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, £3, £2, £1, will be awarded to the highest number of words sent in.

Carefully read the following Rules, as any breach will at once disqualify the Competitor:

RULES.

Buy a 1-bottle of TEREZOL, or the Terezol Company's Tan Polish, from your shopkeeper. Take the coupon which will be found attached thereto, and attach it to your list of words.

No words will be admitted that are not contained in Nuttall's Dictionary, published 1897, from page 1 to 771 inclusive.

Plurals not allowed. Only one word allowed to represent each verb. Words spelt alike having different meanings will only be allowed once. No geographical or proper names will be admitted.

Foolscap size paper only must be used, and the name and address of competitor, together with number of words on the list, must be plainly written on the top left-hand corner of first page.

No correspondence connected with the competition can be replied to.

No letter to appear in any word more times than it occurs in the words TEREZOL REFLECTS.

In case of ties the prizes will be divided.

TEREZOL REFLECTS

Credit on its manufacturers. It polishes instantly; requires no labour. Any sort of Furniture rubbed lightly with a few drops of "Terezol" upon a piece of flannel and polished off with a cotton duster will reflect credit upon the household where it is used. A free sample bottle will be sent to any lady kind enough to write, and willing to make a trial. Address:

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ROYAL DISINFECTANT
SOAP

Lifebuoy Soap is a Disinfectant Soap for use in the prevention of Sickness and the preservation of Health. Guaranteed perfectly pure and free from any injurious Chemicals.

Eminent Medical Men, Officers of Health, and Trained Nurses recommend Lifebuoy Soap for use during Epidemics.

THE SMART NEW DESIGNS NOW BEING PRODUCED BY THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUMIERS IN THE WORLD.

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Have received the highest possible praise, *i.e.*, that they are

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MODEL 713. Very smart Eton Suit. Well cut square coat. Tailor made Skirt. Price **10/6** only **10 6**. Safely packed and carriage paid 9d. extra.

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THE CURE IS COMPLETE.

Ten Ounce Bottle, containing nine days' supply, 4/-. By post, 4/4½.

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FOR ALL

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SUCH AS

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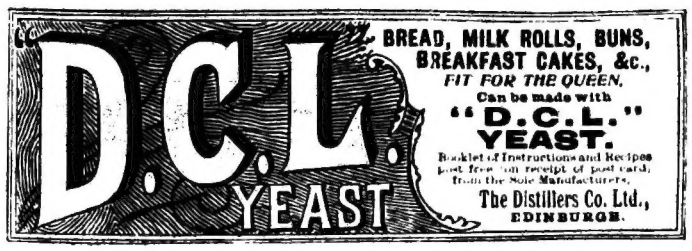

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